

SELECTED ESSAYS

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EDITORS' NOTE

It is with some trepidation that the editors have consented to increase the pile of anthologies usually prescribed for Indian Universities, for it is a delicate and difficult task to avoid the pitfall of sameness and repetition. They have endeavoured in this collection to escape it by drawing the attention of the student to the underlying unity in all the diversity of literary output. The opening essay of Matthew Arnold on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" is the pointer. Literature is life and criticism, is the ability to see things as they really are. The remaining essays in the volume are the attempts of each great writer to view with detachment the objects that attracted him in life or letters. The fare provided is rich and varied, from a simple 'Grace before Meat' to the high flights of abstract political philosophy of J. S. Mill. The Editors sincerely hope that a study of the selections in the volume would help one cultivate right thinking and detached feeling in this age of prejudices.

The English language has been undergoing rapid changes through the centuries. As the decades advance, it becomes increasingly difficult for a literary critic to draw the line for the beginnings of Modern Prose. Hilaire Belloc regretted that the rich harmonies of the seventeenth and eighteenth century prose, the prose of Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor, of Burke and Gibbon, had ceased to be fashionable. But in an age when there is little leisure and much hurry, prose has to adapt itself to the demands of the hour, without sacrificing its literary and artistic quality. For such prose, one feels the earliest limit might be set about the dawn of the nineteenth century. Literary prose

to-day has not departed very far from the prose of Hazlitt and Lamb, of Stevenson and Birrell, and of Newman and Arnold. This has been the reason for the editors excluding the masters before the nineteenth century.

A word more in conclusion. English is a foreign language to us and it has been a commonplace of criticism that even the best amongst us cannot hope to achieve distinction in the art of writing it. But the fallacy of it has been proved in recent times by the perfection of the prose of Sastri, Gandhi, Nehru and Reddy. The editors are happy that it has been possible to give at least two specimens of this fine prose, which would hold distinction easily with the harmony and grace of the art that thrives in England.

B. M.

15th June 1946.

J. P.

Acknowledgment

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The Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Sreenivasa Sastri and The Registrar, Annamalai University, for "*Democracy through Indian Eyes*" by Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Sreenivasa Sastri.

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INTRODUCTION

THE FUNCTION OF CRITICISM AT THE PRESENT TIME.

(Matthew Arnold)

Many objections have been made to a proposition which, in some remarks of mine on translating Homer, I ventured to put forth; a proposition about criticism, and its importance at the present day. I said: "Of the literature of France and Germany, as of the intellect of Europe in general, the main effort, for now many years, has been a critical effort; the endeavour, in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is." I added, that owing to the operation in English literature of certain causes, "almost the last thing for which one would come to English literature is just that very thing which now Europe most desires,—criticism;" and that the power and value of English literature was thereby impaired. More than one rejoinder declared that the importance I here assigned to criticism was excessive, and asserted the inherent superiority of the creative effort of the human spirit over its critical effort.

It is undeniable that the exercise of a creative power, that a free creative activity, is the highest function of man; it is proved to be so by man's finding in it his true happiness. But it is undeniable, also, that men may have the sense of exercising this free creative activity in other ways than in producing great works of literature or art; if it were not so, all but a very few men would be shut out from the true happiness of all men, They may have

it in well-doing, they may have it in learning, they may have it even in criticising. This is one thing to be kept in mind. Another is, that the exercise of the creative power in the production of great works of literature or art, however high this exercise of it may rank, is not at all epochs and under all conditions possible; and that therefore labour may be vainly spent in attempting it, which might with more fruit be used in preparing for it, in rendering it possible. This creative power works with elements, with materials; what if it has not those materials, those elements, ready for its use? In that case it must surely wait till they are ready. Now, in literature,—I will limit myself to literature, for it is about literature that the question arises,—the elements with which the creative power works are ideas; the best ideas on every matter which literature touches, current at the time. At any rate we may lay it down as certain that in modern literature no manifestation of the creative power not working with these can be very important or fruitful. And I say *current* at the time, not merely accessible at the time; for creative literary genius does not principally show itself in discovering new ideas, that is rather the business of the philosopher. The grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis and discovery; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them; of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations,—making beautiful works with them, in short. But it must have the atmosphere, it must find itself amidst the order of ideas, in order to work freely; and these it is not so easy to command. This is why great creative epochs in

literature are so rare, this is why there is so much that is unsatisfactory in the productions of many men of real genius; because, for the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment; the creative power has, for its happy exercise, appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control.

Nay, they are more within the control of the critical power. It is the business of the critical power, as I said in the words already quoted, "in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is." Thus it tends, at last, to make an intellectual situation of which the creative can profitably avail itself. It tends to establish an order of ideas, if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with that which it displaces; to make the best ideas prevail. Presently these new ideas reach society, the touch of truth is the touch of life, and there is a stir and growth everywhere; out of this stir and growth come the creative epochs of literature.

Or, to narrow our range, and quit these considerations of the general march of genius and of society,—considerations which are apt to become too abstract and impalpable—every one can see that a poet, for instance, ought to know life and the world before dealing with them in poetry; and life and the world being in modern times very complex things, the creation of a modern poet, to be worth much, implies a great critical effort behind it; else it must be a comparatively poor, barren, and shortlived affair. This is why Byron's poetry has so little endurance in it, and Goethe's so much; both Byron and Goethe had a great productive power, but Goethe's was nourished by a great critical effort providing the true materials for it, and Byron's was not;

Goethe knew life and the world, the poet's necessary subjects, much more comprehensively and thoroughly than Byron. He knew a great deal more of them, and he knew them much more as they really are.

It has long seemed to me that the burst of creative activity in our literature, through the first quarter of this century, had about it in fact something premature; and that for this cause its productions are doomed, most of them, in spite of the sanguine hopes which accompanied and do still accompany them, to prove hardly more lasting than the productions of far less splendid epochs. And this prematurity comes from its having proceeded without having its proper data, without sufficient materials to work with. In other words, the English poetry of the first quarter of this century, with plenty of energy, plenty of creative force, did not know enough. This makes Byron so empty of matter, Shelley so incoherent, Wordsworth even, profound as he is, yet so wanting in completeness and variety. Wordsworth cared little for books, and disparaged Goethe. I admire Wordsworth, as he is, so much that I cannot wish him different; and it is vain, no doubt, to imagine such a man different from what he is, to suppose that he *could* have been different. But surely the one thing wanting to make Wordsworth an even greater poet than he is,—his thought richer, and his influence of wider application,—was that he should have read more books, among them, no doubt, those of that Goethe whom he disparaged without reading him.

But to speak of books and reading may easily lead to a misunderstanding here. It was not really books and reading that lacked to our poetry at this epoch; Shelley had plenty of reading. Coleridge had immense reading. Pindar and Sophocles—as we all say so glibly, and often

with so little discernment of the real import of what we are saying—had not many books; Shakespeare was no deep reader. True; but in the Greece of Pindar and Sophocles, in the England of Shakespeare, the poet lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the creative power; society was, in the fullest measure, permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and alive. And this state of things is the true basis for the creative power's exercise, in this it finds its data, its materials, truly ready for its hand; all the books and reading in the world are only valuable as they are helps to this. Even when this does not actually exist, books and reading may enable a man to construct a kind of semblance of it in his own mind, a world of knowledge and intelligence in which he may live and work. This is by no means an equivalent to the artist for the nationally diffused life and thought of the epochs of Sophocles or Shakespeare; but, besides that it may be a means of preparation for such epochs, it does really constitute, if many share in it, a quickening and sustaining atmosphere of great value. Such an atmosphere the many-sided learning and the long and widely-combined critical effort of Germany formed for Goethe, when he lived and worked. There was no national glow of life and thought there as in the Athens of Pericles or the England of Elizabeth. That was the poet's weakness. But there was a sort of equivalent for it in the complete culture and unfettered thinking of a large body of Germans. That was his strength. In the England of the first quarter of this century there was neither a national glow of life and thought, such as we had in the age of Elizabeth, nor yet a culture and a force of learning and criticism such as were to be found in Germany. Therefore the creative power of poetry wanted,

for success in the highest sense, materials and a basis; a thorough interpretation of the world was necessarily denied to it.

At first sight it seems strange that out of the immense stir of the French Revolution and its age should not have come a crop of works of genius equal to that which came out of the stir of the great productive time of Greece, or out of that of the Renaissance, with its powerful episode the Reformation. But the truth is that the stir of the French Revolution took a character which essentially distinguished it from such movements as these. These were, in the main, disinterestedly intellectual and spiritual movements; movements in which the human spirit looked for its satisfaction in itself and in the increased play of its own activity. The French Revolution took a political, practical character. The movement which went on in France under the old *regime*, from 1700 to 1789, was far more really akin than that of the Revolution itself to the movement of the Renaissance; the France of Voltaire and Rousseau told for more powerfully upon the mind of Europe than the France of the Revolution. Goethe reproached this last expressly with having "thrown quiet culture back." Nay, and the true key to how much in our Byron, even in our Wordsworth, is this!—that they had their source in a great movement of feeling, not in a great movement of mind. The French Revolution, however,—that object of so much blind love and so much blind hatred,—found undoubtedly its motive-power in the intelligence of men, and not in their practical sense; this is what distinguishes it from the English Revolution of Charles the First's time. This is what makes it a more spiritual event than our Revolution, an event of much more powerful and world-wide interest, though practically less

successful; it appeals to an order of ideas which are universal, certain, permanent. 1789 asked of a thing, Is it rational? 1642 asked of a thing, Is it legal? or, when it went furthest, Is it according to conscience? This is the English fashion, a fashion to be treated, within its own sphere, with the highest respect; for its success, within its own sphere, has been prodigious. But what is law in one place is not law in another, what is law here to-day is not law even here to-morrow; and as for conscience, what is binding on one man's conscience is not binding on another's. The old woman who threw her stool at the head of the surpliced minister in St. Giles's Church at Edinburgh obeyed an impulse to which millions of the human race may be permitted to remain strangers. But the prescriptions of reason are absolute, unchanging, of universal validity; *to count by tens is the easiest way of counting*—that is a proposition of which every one, from here to the Antipodes, feels the force; at least I should say so if we did not live in a country where it is not impossible that any morning we may find a letter in the *times* declaring that a decimal coinage is an absurdity. That a whole nation should have been penetrated with an enthusiasm for pure reason, and with an ardent zeal for making its prescriptions triumph, is a very remarkable thing, when we consider how little of mind, or anything so worthy and quickening as mind, comes into the motives which alone, in general, impel great masses of men. In spite of the extravagant direction given to this enthusiasm, in spite of the crimes and follies in which it lost itself, the French Revolution derives from the force, truth, universality of the ideas which it took for its law, and from the passion with which it could inspire a multitude for these ideas, a unique and still living power;

it is—it will probably long remain—the greatest, the most animating event in history. And as no sincere passion for the things of the mind, even though it turn out in many respects an unfortunate passion, is ever quite thrown away and quite barren of good, France has reaped from hers one fruit—the natural and legitimate fruit, though not precisely the grand fruit she expected: she is the country in Europe where *the people* is most alive.

But the mania for giving an immediate political and practical application to all these fine ideas of the reason was fatal. Here an Englishman is in his element: on this theme we can all go on for hours. And all we are in the habit of saying on it has undoubtedly a great deal of truth. Ideas cannot be too much prized in and for themselves, cannot be too much lived with; but to transport them abruptly into the world of politics and practice, violently to revolutionise this world to their bidding—that is quite another thing. There is a world of ideas and there is the world of practice; the French are often for suppressing the one and the English the other; but neither is to be suppressed.

The notion of the free play of the mind upon all subjects being a pleasure in itself, being an object of desire, being an essential provider of elements without which a nation's spirit, whatever compensations it may have for them, must, in the long run, die of inanition, hardly enters into an Englishman's thoughts. It is noticeable that the word *curiosity*, which in other languages is used in a good sense, to mean, as a high and fine quality of man's nature, just this disinterested love of a free play of the mind on all subjects, for its own sake,—it is noticeable, I say, that this word has in our language no sense of the kind, no sense but a rather bad

and disparaging one. But criticism, real criticism, is essentially the exercise of this very quality. It obeys an instinct prompting it to try to know the best that is known and thought in the world, irrespectively of practice, politics, and everything of the kind; and to value knowledge and thought as they approach this best, without the intrusion or any other considerations whatever. This is an instinct for which there is, I think, little original sympathy in the practical English nature, and what there was of it has undergone a long benumbing period of blight and suppression in the epoch of concentration which followed the French Revolution.

But epochs of concentration cannot well endure for ever; epochs of expansion, in the due course of things, follow them. Such an epoch of expansion seems to be opening in this country. In the first place all danger of a hostile forcible pressure of foreign ideas upon our practice has long disappeared; like the traveller in the fable, therefore, we begin to wear our cloak a little more loosely. Then, with a long peace, the ideas of Europe steal gradually and amicably in, and mingle, though in infinitesimally small quantities at a time, with our own notions. Then, too, in spite of all that is said about the absorbing and brutalising influence of our passionate material progress, it seems to me indisputable that this progress is likely, though not certain, to lead in the end to an apparition of intellectual life. and that man, after he has made himself perfectly comfortable and has now to determine what to do with himself next, may begin to remember that he has a mind, and that the mind may be made the source of great pleasure. I grant it is mainly the privilege of faith, at present, to discern this end to our railways, our business, and our fortune-making; but

we shall see if, here as elsewhere, faith is not in the end the true prophet. Our ease, our travelling, and our unbounded liberty to hold just as hard and securely as we please to the practice to which our notions have given birth, all tend to beget an inclination to deal a little more freely with these notions themselves, to canvass them a little, to penetrate a little into their real nature. Flutterings of curiosity, in the foreign sense of the word, appear amongst us, and it is in these that criticism must look to find its account. Criticism first; a time of true creative activity, perhaps,—which, as I have said, must inevitably be preceded amongst us by a time of criticism,—hereafter, when criticism has done its work.

It is of the last importance that English criticism should clearly discern what rule for its course, in order to avail itself of the field now opening to it, and to produce fruit for the future, it ought to take. The rule may be summed up in one word,—*disinterestedness*. And how is criticism to show disinterestedness? By keeping aloof from what is called “the practical view of things” by resolutely following the law of its own nature, which is to be a free play of the mind on all subjects which it touches. By steadily refusing to lend itself to any of those ulterior, political practical considerations about ideas, which plenty of people will be sure to attach to them, which perhaps ought often to be attached to them, which in this country at any rate are certain to be attached to them quite sufficiently, but which criticism has really nothing to do with. Its business is, as I have said, simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas. Its business is to do this with inflexible honesty, with

due ability ; but its business is to do no more, and to leave alone all questions of practical consequences and applications, questions which will never fail to have due prominence given to them. Else criticism, besides being really false to its own nature, merely continues in the old rut which it has hitherto followed in this country, and will certainly miss the chance now given to it. For what is at present the bane of criticism in this country? It is that practical considerations cling to it and stifle it. It subserves interests not its own. Our organs of criticism are organs of men and parties having practical ends to serve, and with them those practical ends are the first thing and the play of mind the second ; so much play of mind as is compatible with the prosecution of those practical ends is all that is wanted.

If I have insisted too much on the course which criticism must take where politics and religion are concerned, it is because, where these burning matters are in question, it is most likely to go astray. I have wished, above all, to insist on the attitude which criticism should adopt towards things in general ; on its right tone and temper of mind. But then comes another question as to the subject-matter which literary criticism should most seek. Here, in general, its course is determined for it by the idea which is the law of its being ; the idea of a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world, and thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas. By the very nature of things, as England is not all the world, much of the best that is known and thought in the world cannot be of English growth, must be foreign ; by the nature of things, again, it is just this that we are least likely to know, while English thought is streaming in

upon us from all sides, and takes excellent care that we shall not be ignorant of its existence. The English critic of literature, therefore, must dwell much on foreign thought, and with particular heed on any part of it, which, while significant and fruitful in itself, is for any reason specially likely to escape him. Again, judging is often spoken of as the critic's one business, and so in some sense it is; but the judgment which almost insensibly forms itself in a fair and clear mind, along with fresh knowledge, is the valuable one; and thus knowledge, and ever fresh knowledge, must be the critic's great concern for himself. And it is by communicating fresh knowledge, and letting his own judgment pass along with it,—but insensibly, and in the second place, not the first, as a sort of companion and clue, not as an abstract lawgiver,—that the critic will generally do most good to his readers. Sometimes, no doubt, for the sake of establishing an author's place in literature, and his relation to a central standard (and if this is not done, how are we to get at our *best in the world*?) criticism may have to deal with a subject-matter so familiar that fresh knowledge is out of the question, and then it must be all judgment; an enunciation and detailed application of principles. Here the great safeguard is never to let oneself become abstract, always to retain an intimate and lively consciousness of the truth of what one is saying, and, the moment this fails us, to be sure that something is wrong. Still, under all circumstances, this mere judgment and application of principles is, in itself, not the most satisfactory work to the critic; like mathematics, it is tautological, and cannot well give us, like fresh learning, the sense of creative activity.

But stop, some one will say; all this talk is of no practical use to us whatever; this criticism of yours is not

what we have in our minds when we speak of criticism; when we speak of critics and criticism, we mean critics and criticism of the current English literature of the day; when you offer to tell criticism its function, it is to this critics, that we expect you to address yourself. I am sorry for it, for I am afraid I must disappoint these expectations. I am bound by my own definition of criticism: *A disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world.* How much of current English literature comes into this "best that is known and thought in the world?" Not very much, I fear: certainly less, at this moment, than of the current literature of France or Germany. Well, then, am I to alter my definition of criticism, in order to meet the requirements of a number of practising English critics, who, after all, are free in their choice of a business? That would be making criticism lend itself just to one of those alien practical considerations, which, I have said, are so fatal to it. One may say, indeed, to those who have to deal with the mass—so much better disregarded—of current English literature, that they may at all events endeavour, in dealing with this, to try it, so far as they can, by the standard of the best that is known and thought in the world; one may say, that to get anywhere near this standard, every critic should try and possess one great literature, at least, besides his own: and the more unlike his own, the better. But, after all, the criticism I am really concerned with,—the criticism which alone can much help us for the future, the criticism which, throughout Europe, is at the present day meant, when so much stress is laid on the importance of criticism and the critical spirit,—is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes one great

confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result: and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special, local, and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme. And what is that but saying that we too, all of us, as individuals, the more thoroughly we carry it out, shall make the more progress?

There is so much inviting us!—what are we to take? What will nourish us in growth towards perfection? That is the question which, with the immense field of life and of literature lying before him, the critic has to answer: for himself first, and afterwards for others. In this idea of the critic's business the essays brought together in the following pages have their origin: in this idea, widely different as are their subjects, they have, perhaps, their unity.

I conclude with what I said at the beginning: to have the sense of creative activity is the great happiness and the great proof of being alive, and it is not denied to criticism to have it; but then criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge. Then it may have, in no contemptible measure, a joyful sense of creative activity; a sense which a man of insight and conscience will prefer to what he might derive from a poor, starved, fragmentary, inadequate creation. And at some epochs no other creation is possible.

Still, in full measure, the sense of creative activity belongs only to genuine creation; in literature we must never forget that. But what true man of letters ever can forget it? It is no such common matter for a gifted

nature to come into possession of a current of true and living ideas, and to produce amidst the inspiration of them, that we are likely to underrate it. The epochs of Aeschylus and Shakespeare make us feel their preeminence. In an epoch like those is, no doubt, the true life of literature; there is the promised land, towards which criticism can only beckon. That promised land it will not be ours to enter, and we shall die in the wilderness: but to have desired to enter it, to have saluted it from afar, is already perhaps, the best distinction among contemporaries; it will certainly be the best title to esteem with posterity.

I. GRACE BEFORE MEAT

(Charles Lamb)

[Charles Lamb (1775—1834), was one of the greatest of English essayists. His chief forte lay in humour, a whimsical presentation of the facts of life which interested him. He was deeply read in the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and was steeped so much in it, that his style even has been greatly affected by it. In character, he was as gentle as his name describes him, and he was devoted all through his life to his half-insane sister, Mary Lamb, with whom he set up house. He never married, and he lived for the greater part of his lifetime in and about London, which he loved very much.]



Lamb's title to fame rests upon his *Essays of Elia*, *Elia* being the pen-name under which he wrote. "Grace before Meat" forms one of these essays. It is but an ordinary theme which Lamb has chosen for his essay, but he has made it interesting and instructive, by involving it in the humour of which he is past master. The subject appeals to him from the practical and commonsense point of view; and he fails to understand, as we also do, after reading him, how one can say grace with grace with a rich repast before him. We may also agree with him when he says that grace is ~~very~~

necessary before intellectual repasts, such as the reading of Shakespeare, or of Milton. Thus it is by presenting the theme from uncommon and unusual angles, that Lamb makes his essay humorous.

Finally we may note how Lamb's prose is full of literary reminiscence, and how it occasionally rises to the lofty heights of poetry itself. Prof. Oliver Elton has described the essays as little poems writ in prose.]

* * * *

The custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing; when a belly-full was a wind-fall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the *Fairy Queen*?—but, the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall

confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called ; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend Homo Humanus, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rebelaesian Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form, then of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repast of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food—the animal sustenance—is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating ; when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sate (*a rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with the savoury soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony

to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks—for what?—for having too much, while so many starve. It is to praise the Gods amiss.

I have observed this awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others—a sort of shame—a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice, helping himself or his neighbour, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of the duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim,—Would you have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver?—no—I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or, if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the

grace returns—with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked. Virgil knew the harpy-nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celaeno anything but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude: but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcass. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great Hall feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word—and that, in all probability, the sacred name which he preaches—is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the *Paradise Regained*, provides for a temptation in wilderness:

A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber-steamed; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.

The Tempter, I warrant you, thought these cates would go down without the recommendatory preface of a benediction. They are like to be short graces where the

devil plays the host.—I am afraid the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a Heliogabalus. The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces, which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams from his dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves?—He dreamed indeed,

—As appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.
But what meats?——

Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what
they brought

He saw the prophet also how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how awaked
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And ate the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes, that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

Nothing in Milton is finer fancied than these temperate dreams of the divine Hungerer. To which of these two visionary banquets, think you, would the introduction of

what is called grace have been the most fitting and pertinent?

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude: but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers, who go about their business, of every description, with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopt bay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C——¹ holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for these

¹ Coleridge.

innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savoury mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted—that commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenor. The author of the *Rambler* used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favourite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things, in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions otherwise, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish—his Dagon—with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of these good things (which should be common) to

our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion; is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never-settled question arise, as to *who shall say it*; while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority, from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burthen of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders?

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to *say anything*. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer, that it was not a custom known in his church: in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manners' sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea-grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice,—the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to want reverence; a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic conciseness with which that equivocal wag (but my pleasant school-fellow) C. V. L.,¹ when importuned for a grace, use to inquire, first slyly leering down the table, 'Is there no clergyman here?'—significantly adding, 'thank G—.' Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, where we were used to preface our bald bread and cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus.* I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase 'good creatures, upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense,—till some one recalled a legend, which told how, in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitallers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the deficiencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us—*horresco referens*—trousers instead of mutton.

¹ Charles Valentine le Grice.

II. THE INDIAN JUGGLERS

(William Hazlitt)

[*William Hazlitt, (1778–1830), was one of the greatest of English essayists. Though a contemporary of Charles Lamb, and though their literary tastes were uniform, yet their geniuses lay apart. Lamb was devoted to the city and he never felt at home outside it. He does not seem to have participated in outdoor life, having been unfortunately confined to the desk for the greater part of his lifetime, when he was not actually employed, in attending on his sister. His great delights consisted in quiet study and happy conversation. On the other hand, Hazlitt loved outdoor life, took long walks into the country, spent lonesome hours amidst mountains and valleys, and actually participated in such games as rackets and fives. Besides he had a literary quality which few men of his tribe seemed to have possessed either before or after him. It is the quality of gusto. Hazlitt himself has written an essay on this literary feature, defining it as the power of expressing precisely the passion which makes any object what it is. Hazlitt has this power to a very eminent degree.*



The essay on Indian Jugglers is illustrative of this quality. Hazlitt goes into raptures over the mechanical feats of the Indian Juggler conveying his joy in adequate words to

the reader. But the description of the feats of the Indian Juggler forms only a peg on which the essayist hangs his thoughts. For, the essay is illustrative of another feature of William Hazlitt, viz. his discursiveness. It would appear that he cannot keep himself concentrated on one theme, but that an idea, the description of an object, must start him on a train of reflections, literary, philosophical, sportive, and humorous.

Thus the description of the art of the Indian Juggler, and its perfection, leads Hazlitt to think of his own imperfections, his own failures in the art of writing. This leads naturally to the discussion of the relative merits of mechanical perfection and artistic completeness, the difference between cleverness and greatness, of genius and talent, of natural and acquired accomplishments, etc. The essay is wound up with a sketch of John Cavanagh, the fives-player, whose art Hazlitt greatly admired.

Prof. Saintsbury has remarked of this essay: "We have here a capital example of what may be called improvising a text, and it contains some of the most interesting and genial examples of Hazlitt's honest delight in games such as rackets and fives, a delight which (Heaven help his critics) was frequently regarded at the time as low."

* * * *

Coming forward and seating himself on the ground in his white dress and tightened turban, the chief of the Indian Jugglers begins with tossing up two brass balls, which is what any of us could do, and concludes with keeping up four at the same time, which is what none of us could do to save our lives, nor if we were to take our whole lives to do it in. Is it then a trifling power we see at work, or is it not something next to miraculous? It is the utmost stretch of human ingenuity, which nothing

but the bending the faculties of body and mind to it from the tenderest infancy with incessant, ever-anxious application up to manhood, can accomplish or make even a slight approach to. Man, thou art a wonderful animal, and thy ways past finding out! Thou canst do strange things but thou turnest them to little account!—To conceive of this effort to extraordinary dexterity distracts the imagination and makes admiration breathless. Yet it costs nothing to the performer, any more than if it were a mere mechanical deception with which he had nothing to do but to watch and laugh at the astonishment of the spectators. A single error of a hair's-breadth, of the smallest conceivable portion of time, would be fatal: the precision of the movements must be like a mathematical truth, their rapidity is like lightning. To catch four balls in succession in less than a second of time, and deliver them back so as to return with seeming consciousness to the hand again, to make them revolve round him at certain intervals, like the planets in their spheres, to make them chase one another like sparkles of fire, or shoot up like flowers or meteors: to throw them behind his back and twine them round his neck like ribbons or like serpents, to do what appears an impossibility, and to do it with all the ease, the grace, the carelessness imaginable, to laugh at, to play with the glittering mockeries, to follow them with his eye as if he could fascinate them with its lambent fire, or as if he had only to see that they kept time with the music on the stage,—there is something in all this which he who does not admire may be quite sure he never really admired anything in the whole course of his life. It is skill surmounting difficulty, and beauty triumphing over skill. It seems as if the difficulty once mastered naturally resolved itself into ease and grace, and as if

to be overcome at all, it must be overcome without an effort. The smallest awkwardness or want of pliancy or self-possession would stop the whole process. It is the work of witchcraft, and yet sport for children. Some of the other feats are quite as curious and wonderful, such as the balancing the artificial tree and shooting a bird from each branch through a quill; though none of them have the elegance or facility or the keeping up of the brass balls. You are in pain for the result, and glad when the experiment is over; they are not accompanied with the same unmixed, unchecked delight as the former; and I would not give much to be merely astonished without being pleased at the same time. As to the swallowing of the sword, the police ought to interfere to prevent it. When I saw the Indian Juggler do the same things before, his feet were bare, and he had large rings on the toes, which kept turning round all the time of the performance, as if they moved of themselves.—The hearing a speech in Parliament, drawled or stammered out by the Honourable Member or the Noble Lord, the ringing the changes on their common-places, which any one could repeat after them as well as they, stirs me not a jot, shakes not my good opinion of myself: but the seeing the Indian Jugglers does. It makes me ashamed of myself. I ask what there is that I can do as well as this? Nothing. What have I been doing all my life? Have I been idle, or have I nothing to shew for all my labour and pains? Or have I passed my time in pouring words like water into empty sieves, rolling a stone up a hill and then down again, trying to prove an argument in the teeth of facts, and looking for causes in the dark and not finding them? Is there no one thing in which I can challenge competition, that I can bring as an instance of exact perfection in which

others cannot find a flaw? The utmost I can pretend to is to write a description of what this fellow can do. I can write a book: so can many others who have not even learned to spell. What abortions are these Essays! What errors, what ill-pieced transitions, what crooked reasons, what lame conclusions! How little is made out, and that little how ill! Yet they are the best I can do. I endeavour to recollect all I have ever observed or thought upon a subject, and to express it as nearly as I can. Instead of writing on four subjects at a time, it is as much as I can manage to keep the thread of one discourse clear and unentangled. I have also time on my hands to correct my opinions, and polish my periods: but the one I cannot, and the other I will not do. I am fond of arguing: yet with a good deal of pains and practice it is often as much as I can do to beat my man: though he may be a very indifferent hand. A common fencer would disarm his adversary in the twinkling of an eye, unless he were a professor like himself. A stroke of wit will sometimes produce this effect, but there is no such power or superiority in sense or reasoning. There is no complete mastery of execution to be shewn there: and you hardly know the professor from the impudent pretender or the mere clown.

I have always had this feeling of the inefficacy and slow progress of intellectual compared to mechanical excellence, and it has always made me somewhat dissatisfied. It is a great many years since I saw Richer, the famous rope-dancer, perform at Sadler's Wells. He was matchless in his art, and added to his extraordinary skill exquisite ease, and unaffected natural grace. I was at that time employed in copying a half-length picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and it put me out of conceit with it.

How ill this part was made out in the drawing! How heavy, how slovenly this other was painted! I could not help saying to myself, 'If the rope-dancer had performed his task in this manner, leaving so many gaps and botches in his work, he would have broke his neck long ago I should never have seen that vigorous elasticity of nerve and "precision of movement!"—Is it then so easy an undertaking (comparatively) to dance on a tight-rope? Let any one who thinks so get up and try. There is the thing. It is that which at first we cannot do at all which in the end is done to such perfection. To account for this in some degree, I might observe that mechanical dexterity is confined to doing some one particular thing, which you can repeat as often as you please, in which you know whether you succeed or fail, and where the point of perfection consists in succeeding in a given undertaking.—In mechanical efforts, you improve by perpetual practice, and you do so infallibly, because the object to be attained is not a matter of taste or fancy or opinion, but of actual experiment, in which you must either do the thing or not do it. If a man is put to aim at a mark with a bow and arrow, he must hit it or miss it, that's certain. He cannot deceive himself, and go on shooting wide or falling short, and still fancy that he is making progress. The distinction between right and wrong, between true and false, is here palpable; and he must either correct his aim or persevere in his error with his eyes open, for which there is neither excuse nor temptation. If a man is learning to dance on a rope, if he does not mind what he is about he will break his neck. After that, it will be in vain for him to argue that he did not make a false step. His situation is not like that of Goldsmith's pedagogue:—

"In argument they own'd his wondrous skill,
And e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still."

Danger is a good teacher, and makes apt scholars. So are disgrace, defeat, exposure to immediate scorn and laughter. There is no opportunity in such cases for self-delusion, no idling time away, no being off your guard (or you must take the consequences)—neither is there any room for humour or caprice or prejudice. If the Indian Juggler were to play tricks in throwing up the three case-knives, which keep their positions like the leaves of a crocus in the air, he would cut his fingers. I can make a very bad antithesis without cutting my fingers. The tact of style is more ambiguous than that of double-edged instruments. If the Juggler were told that by flinging himself under the wheels of the Juggernaut, when the idol issues forth on a gaudy day, he would immediately be transported into Paradise, he might believe it, and nobody could disprove it. So the Brahmins may say what they please on that subject, may build up dogmas and mysteries without end, and not be detected; but their ingenious countryman cannot persuade the frequenters of the Olympic Theatre that he performs a number of astonishing feats without actually giving proofs of what he says. There is, then, in this sort of manual dexterity, first a gradual aptitude acquired to a given exertion of muscular power, from constant repetition, and in the next place, an exact knowledge how much is still wanting and necessary to be supplied. The obvious test is to increase the effort or nicely of the operation, and still to find it come true. The muscles ply instinctively to the dictates of habit. Certain movements and impressions of the hand and eye, having been repeated together an infinite number of times, are unconsciously but unavoidably cemented into closer and closer union; the limbs require little more than to be put in motion for them to follow a regular track with

ease and certainty ; so that the mere intention of the will acts mathematically like touching the spring of a machine, and you come with Locksley in *Ivanhoe*, in shooting at a mark, 'to allow for the wind.'

Further, what is meant by perfection in mechanical exercises is the performing certain feats to a uniform nicety, that is, in fact, undertaking no more than you can perform. You task yourself, the limit you fix is optional, and no more than human industry and skill can attain to; but you have no abstract, independent standard of difficulty or excellence (other than the extent of your own powers). Thus he who can keep up four brass balls does this *to perfection*; but he cannot keep up five at the same instant, and would fail every time he attempted it. That is, the mechanical performer undertakes to emulate himself, not to equal another. But the artist undertakes to imitate another or to do what Nature has done, and this it appears is more difficult, *viz.*, to copy what she has set before us in the face of nature or 'human face divine,' entire and without a blemish, than to keep up four brass balls at the same instant, for the one is done by the power of human skill and industry, and the other never was nor will be. Upon the whole, therefore, I have more respect for Reynolds, than I have for Richer: for, happen how it will, there have been more people in the world who could dance on a rope like the one than who could paint like Sir Joshua. The latter was but a bungler in his profession to the other, it is true; but then he had a harder taskmaster to obey, whose will was more wayward and obscure, and whose instructions it was more difficult to practise. You can put a child apprentice to a tumbler or rope-dancer with a comfortable prospect of success, if they are but sound of wind and limb; but you cannot do

the same thing in painting. The odds are a million to one. You may make indeed as many H—s and H—s as you put into that sort of machine, but not one Reynolds amongst them all, with his grace, his grandeur, his blandness of *gusto*, 'in tones and gestures hit, ' unless you could make the man over again. To snatch this grace beyond the reach of art is then the height of art—where fine art begins, and where mechanical skill ends. The soft suffusion of the soul, the speechless breathing eloquence, the looks 'commercing with the skies, ' the ever-shifting forms of an eternal principle, that which is seen but for a moment, but dwells in the heart always, and is only seized as it passes by strong and secret sympathy, must be taught by nature and genius, not by rules or study. It is suggested by feeling, not by laborious microscopic inspection; in seeking for it without, we lose the harmonious clue to it within; and in aiming to grasp the substance, we let the very spirit of art evaporate. In a word, the objects of fine art are not the objects of sight but as these last are the objects of taste and imagination, that is, as they appeal to the sense of beauty, of pleasure, and of power in the human breast, and are explained by that finer sense, and revealed in their inner structure to the eye in return. Nature is also a language. Objects, like words, have a meaning; and the true artist is the interpreter of this language, which he can only do by knowing its application to a thousand other objects in a thousand other situations. Thus the eye is too blind a guide of itself to distinguish between the warm or cold tone of a deep-blue sky; but another sense acts as a 'monitor to it and does not err. The colour of the leaves in autumn would be nothing without the feeling that accompanies it; but it is that feeling that stamps them on the canvas,

faded, seared, blighted, shrinking from the winter's flaw and makes the sight as true as touch.—

“ And visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf and hang on every bough.”

The more ethereal, evanescent, more refined and sublime part of art is the seeing nature through the medium of sentiment and passion, as each object is a symbol of the affections and a link in the chain of our endless being. But the unravelling of this mysterious web of thought and feeling is alone in the Muse's gift, namely, in the power of that trembling sensibility which is awake to every change and every modification of its ever-varying impressions, that

“Thrills in each nerve, and lives along the line.”

The power is indifferently called genius, imagination, feeling, taste; but the manner in which it acts upon the mind can neither be defined by abstract rules, as is the case in science, nor verified by continual, unvarying experiments, as is the case in mechanical performances. The mechanical excellence of the Dutch painters in colouring and handling is that which comes the nearest in fine art to the perfection of certain manual exhibitions of skill. The truth of the effect and the facility with which it is produced are equally admirable. Up to a certain point everything is faultless. The hand and eye have done their part. There is only a want of taste and genius. It is after we enter upon that enchanted ground that the human mind begins to droop and flag as in a strange road, or in a thick mist, benighted and making little way with many attempts and many failures, and that the best of us only escape with half a triumph. The undefined and the imaginary are the regions that we must pass like Satan, difficult and doubtful. ‘half flying, half on foot.’ The

object in sense is a positive thing, and execution comes with practice.

Cleverness is a certain *knack* or aptitude at doing certain things, which depend more on a particular adroitness and off-hand readiness than on force or perseverance, such as making puns, making epigrams, making extempore verses, mimicking the company, mimicking a style; etc. Cleverness is either liveliness and smartness, or something answering to *sleight of hand*, like letting a glass fall sideways off a table, or else a trick, like knowing the secret spring of a watch. Accomplishments are certain external graces, which are to be learned from others, and which are easily displayed to the admiration of the beholder, *viz.*, dancing, riding, fencing, music, and so on. These ornamental acquirements are only proper to those who are at ease in mind and fortune. I know an individual who, if he had been born to an estate of five thousand a year, would have been the most accomplished gentleman of the age. He would have been the delight and envy of the circle in which he moved—would have graced by his manners the liberality flowing from the openness of his heart, would have laughed with the women, have argued with the men, have said good things and written agreeable ones, have taken a hand at piquet or the lead at the harpsichord, and have set and sung his own verses—*nugae canorae*—with tenderness and spirit; a Rochester without the vice, a modern Surrey! As it is, all these capabilities of excellence stand in his way. He is too versatile for a professional man, not dull enough for a political drudge, too gay to be happy, too thoughtless to be rich. He wants the enthusiasm of the poet, the severity of the prose-writer, and the application of the man of business. Talent is the capacity of doing anything that

depends on application and industry, such as writing a criticism, making a speech, studying the law. Talent differs from genius as voluntary differs from involuntary power. Ingenuity is genius in trifles; greatness is genius in undertakings of much pith and moment. A clever or ingenious man is one who can do anything well, whether it is worth doing or not; a great man is one who can do that which when done is of the highest importance. Themistocles said he could not play on the flute, but that he could make of a small city a great one. This gives one a pretty good idea of the distinction in question.

Greatness is great power, producing great effects. It is not enough that a man has great power in himself; he must shew it to all the world in a way that cannot be hid or gainsaid. He must fill up a certain idea in the public mind. I have no other notion of greatness than this two fold definition, great results springing from great inherent energy. The great in visible objects has relation to that which extends over space; the great in mental ones has to do with space and time. No man is truly great who is great only in his life-time. The test of greatness is the page of history. Nothing can be said to be great that has a distinct limit, or that borders on something evidently greater than itself. A Lord Mayor is hardly a great man. A city orator or patriot of the day only show, by reaching the height of their wishes, the distance they are at from any true ambition. Popularity is neither fame nor greatness. A king (as such) is not a great man. He has great power, but it is not his own. He merely wields the lever of the state, which a child, an idiot, or a madman can do. It is the office, not the man we gaze at. Any one else in the same situation would be just as much an object of abject curiosity. We laugh at the country girl who having seen a king expressed her

disappointment by saying. 'Why; he is only a man!' Yet, knowing this, we run to see a king as if he was something more than a man.—To display the greatest powers, unless they are applied to great purposes, makes nothing for the character of greatness. To throw a barley-corn through the eye of a needle, to multiply nine figures by nine in the memory, argues definite dexterity of body and capacity of mind, but nothing comes of either. There is a surprising power at work, but the effects are not proportionate, or such as take hold of the imagination. To impress the idea of power on others, they must be made in some way to feel it. It must be communicated to their understandings in the shape of an increase of knowledge, or it must subdue and overawe them by subjecting their wills. Admiration to be solid and lasting must be founded on proofs from which we have no means of escaping: it is neither a slight nor a voluntary gift. A mathematician who solves a profound problem, a poet who creates an image of beauty in the mind that was not there before, imparts knowledge and power to others, in which his greatness and his fame consists, and on which it reposes. Jedediah Buxton will be forgotten; but Napier's bones will live. Lawgivers, philosophers, founders of religion, conquerors and heroes, inventors and great geniuses in arts and sciences, are great men, for they are great public benefactors; or formidable scourges to mankind. Among ourselves Shakespeare, Newton, Bacon, Milton, Cromwell, were great men, for they shewed great power by acts and thoughts, which have not yet been consigned to oblivion. They must needs be men of lofty stature, whose shadows lengthen out to remote posterity. A great farce-writer may be a great man; for Moliere was but a great farce-writer. In my mind, the author of *Don Quixote* was a

great man. So have there been many others. A great chess-player is not a great man, for he leaves the world as he found it. No act terminating in itself constitutes greatness. This will apply to all the displays of power or trials of skill which are confined to the momentary individual effort, and construct no permanent image or trophy of themselves without them. Is not an actor then a great man, because 'he dies and leaves the world no copy'? I must make an exception for Mrs. Siddons, or else give up my definition of greatness for her sake. A man at the top of his profession is not therefore a great man. He is great in his way, but that is all, unless he shews the marks of a great moving intellect, so that we trace the master-mind, and can sympathise with the springs that urge him on. The rest is but a craft or *mystery*. John Hunter was a great man—that any one might see without the smallest skill in surgery. His style and manner showed the man. He would set about cutting up the carcass of a whale with the same greatness of *gusto* that Michael Angelo would have hewn a block of marble. Lord Nelson was a great naval commander; but for myself, I have not much opinion of a sea-faring life. Sir Humphry Davy is a great chemist, but I am not sure that he is a great man. I am not a bit the wiser for any of his discoveries, not I never met with any one that was. But it is in the nature of greatness to propagate an idea of itself, as wave impels wave, circle without circle. It is a contradiction in terms for a coxcomb to be a great man. A really great man has always an idea of something greater than himself. I have observed that certain sectaries and polemical writers have no higher compliment to pay their most shining lights than to say that, 'Such a one was a considerable man in his day.' Some new elucidation of a text sets aside the authority of the old

interpretation, and a 'great scholar's memory outlives him half a century, 'at the utmost. A rich man is not a great man, except to his dependants and his steward. A lord is a great man in the idea we have of his ancestry, and probably of himself, if we know nothing of him but his title. I have heard a story of two bishops, one of whom said (speaking of St. Peter's at Rome) that when he first entered it, he was rather awe-struck, but that as he walked up it, his mind seemed to swell and dilate with it. and at last to fill the whole building—the other said that as he saw more of it, he appeared to himself to grow less and less every step he took, and in the end to dwindle into nothing. This was in some respects a striking picture of a great and little mind—for greatness sympathises with greatness, and littleness shrinks into itself. The one might have become a Wolsey; the other was only fit to become a Mendicant Friar—or there might have been courtreasons for making him a bishop. The French have to me a character of littleness in all about them; but they have produced three great men that belong to every country, Moliere, Rabelais, and Montaigne.

To return from this digression, and conclude the Essay. A singular instance of manual dexterity was shewn in the person of the late John Cavanagh, whom I have several times seen. His death was celebrated at the time in an article in the *Examiner* newspaper (Feb. 7, 1819). written apparently between jest and earnest; but as it is *pat* to our purpose, and falls in with my own way of considering such subjects, I shall here take leave to quote it:—

'Died at his house in Burbage-Street, St. Giles's John Cavanagh, the famous hand fives's, player. When a person dies who does any one thing better than any one else in

the world, which so many others are trying to do well, it leaves a gap in society. It is not likely that any one will now see the game of fives played in its perfection for many years to come—for Cavanagh is dead, and has not left his peer behind him. It may be said that there are things of more importance than striking a ball against a wall—there are things, indeed, that make more noise and do so little good, such as making war and peace, making speeches and answering them, making verses and blotting them, making money and throwing it away. But the game of fives is what no one despises who has ever played at it. It is the finest exercise for the body, and the best relaxation for the mind. The Roman poet said that "Care mounted behind the horseman and stuck to his skirts." But this remark would not have applied to the fives-player. He who takes to playing at fives is twice young. He feels neither the past nor future "in the instant." Debts, taxes, "domestic treason, foreign levy, nothing can touch him further." He has no other wish, no other thought, from the moment the game begins, but that of striking the ball, of placing it, of *making* it! This Cavanagh was sure to do. Whenever he touched the ball there was an end of the chase. His eye was certain, his hand fatal, his presence of mind complete. He could do what he pleased, and he always knew exactly what to do. He saw the whole game, and played it; took instant advantage of his adversary's weakness, and recovered balls, as if by a miracle and from sudden thought, that every one gave for lost. He had equal power and skill, quickness and judgment. He could either out-wit his antagonist by finesse, or beat him by main strength. Sometimes, when he seemed preparing to send the ball with the full swing of his arm, he would by a slight turn of his wrist drop it within an inch of the line. In general, the ball came from

his hand, as if from a racket, in a straight, horizontal line; so that it was in vain to attempt to overtake or stop it. As it was said of a great orator that he never was at a loss for a word, and for the properest word, so Cavanagh always could tell the degree of force necessary to be given to a ball, and the precise direction in which it should be sent. He did his work with the greatest ease; never took more pains than was necessary; and while others were fagging themselves to death, was as cool and collected as if he had just entered the court. His style of play was as remarkable as his power of execution. He had no affectation, no trifling. He did not throw away the game to show off an attitude or try an experiment. He was a fine, sensible, manly player, who did what he could, but that was more than any one else could even affect to do. His blows were not undecided and ineffectual—lumbering like Mr. Wordsworth's epic poetry, nor wavering like Mr. Coleridge's lyric prose, nor short of the mark like Mr. Brougham's speeches, nor wide of it like Mr. Canning's wit, not foul like the *Quarterly*, not *let* balls like the *Edinburgh Review*. Cobbett and Junius together would have made a Cavanagh. He was the best *up-hill* player in the world; even when his adversary was fourteen, he would play on the same or better, and as he never flung away the game through carelessness and conceit, he never gave it up through laziness or want of heart. The only peculiarity of his play was that he never *volleyed*, but let the balls hop; but if they rose an inch from the ground he never missed having them. There is not only nobody equal, but nobody second to him. It is supposed that he could give any other player half the game, or beat them with his left hand. His service was tremendous. He once played Woodward and Meredith together (two of the best players in England) in the

Fives-court, St. Martin's Street, and made seven and twenty aces following by services alone—a thing unheard of. He another time played Peru, who was considered a first-rate fives-player, a match of the best out of five games, and in the three first games, which of course decided the match, Peru got only one ace. Cavanagh was an Irishman by birth, and a house-painter by profession. He had once laid aside his working-dress and walked up, in his smartest clothes, to the Rosemary Branch to have an afternoon's pleasure. A person accosted him, and asked him if he would have a game. So they agreed to play for half-a-crown a game and a bottle of cider. The first game began—it was seven, eight, ten, thirteen, fourteen, all. Cavanagh won it. The next was the same. They played on, and each game was hardly contested. "There," said the unconscious fives-player, "there was a stroke that Cavanagh could not take: I never played better in my life, and yet I can't win a game. I don't know how it is!" However, they played on, Cavanagh winning every game, and the by-standers drinking the cider and laughing all the time. In the twelfth game, when Cavanagh was only four, and the stranger thirteen, a person came in and said. "What! are you here, Cavanagh?" The words no sooner pronounced than the astonished player let the ball drop from his hand, and saying. "What! have I been breaking my heart all this time to beat Cavanagh?" refused to make another effort. "And yet, I give you my word," said Cavanagh, telling the story with some triumph, "I played all the while with my clenched fist."—He used frequently to play matches at Copenhagen-house for wagers and dinners. The wall against which they play is the same that supports the kitchen—chimney, and when the wall resounded louder than usual, the cooks exclaimed,

“Those are the Irishman’s balls,” and the joints trembled on the spit!—Goldsmith consoled himself that there were places where he too was admired: and Cavanagh was the admiration of all the fives-courts where he ever played. Mr. Powell, when he played matches in the court in St. Martin’s Street, used to fill his gallery at half a crown a head with amateurs and admirers of talent in whatever department it is shown. He could not have shown himself in any ground in England but he would have been immediately surrounded with inquisitive gazers, trying to find out in what part of his frame his unrivalled skill lay, as politicians wonder to see the balance of Europe suspended in Lord Castlereagh’s face, and admire the trophies of the British Navy lurking under Mr. Croker’s hanging brow. Now Cavanagh was as good-looking a man as the Noble Lord, and much better looking than the Right Hon. Secretary. He had a clear, open countenance, and did not look sideways or down, like Mr. Murray the bookseller. He was a young fellow of sense, humour, and courage. He once had a quarrel with a waterman at Hungerford-stairs, and, they say, served him out in great style. In a word, there are hundreds at this day who cannot mention his name without admiration, as the best fives-player that perhaps ever lived (the greatest excellence of which they have any notion)—and the noisy shout of the ring happily stood him in stead of the unheard voice of posterity!—The only person who seems to have excelled as much in another way as Cavanagh did in his was the late John Davies, the racket-player. It was remarked of him that he did not seem to follow the ball, but the ball seemed to follow him. Give him a foot of wall, and he was sure to make the hall. The four best racket-players of that day were Jack Spines, Jem Harding, Armitage, and Church. Davies could give

any one of these two hands a time, that is, half the game, and each of these, at their best, could give the best player now in London the same odds. Such are the gradations in all exertions of human skill and art. He once played four capital players together, and beat them. He was also a first-rate tennis-player, and an excellent fives-player. In the Fleet or King's Bench he would have stood against Powell, who was reckoned the best open-ground player of his time. This last-mentioned player is at present the keeper of the Fives-court, and we might recommend to him for a motto over his door, "Who enters here, forgets himself, his country, and his friends." And the best of it is, that by the calculation of the odds, none of the three are worth remembering! Cavanagh died from the bursting of a blood-vessel, which prevented him from playing for the last two or three years. This, he was often heard to say, he thought hard upon him. He was fast recovering, however, when he was suddenly carried off, to the regret of all who knew him. As Mr. Peel made it a qualification of the present Speaker, Mr. Manners Sutton, that he was an excellent moral character, so Jack Cavanagh was a zealous Catholic, and could not be persuaded to eat meat on a Friday, the day on which he died. We have paid this willing tribute to his memory.

"Let no rude hand deface it,
And his forlon "Hic Facet."

III. WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY ?

(Cardinal Newman.)

John Henry Newman (1801—90), was an English Cardinal and one of the most brilliant intellectuals of his time. He received his education at Oxford, and though he failed to take a high degree, yet his pre-eminence in scholarship was recognized by the university when he was appointed Fellow of Oriel. Newman soon became involved in the religious controversies of the university, in which he took a leading part. Ultimately he



became a Roman Catholic, and was appointed Rector of the new Catholic University in Dublin in 1854. Here he delivered a series of discourses in which he defined clearly what a university is, what it should aim at producing, the place of theology in its curricula of studies, whether knowledge ought to be pursued for its own sake or for material ends, etc. But the present extract is not taken from these discourses. It appeared separately as an article by Newman in the Dublin Catholic University Gazette in 1854, and was later included in the third volume of Historical Sketches.

In our essay Newman defines what a university is, laying stress on the fact that it is purely a place for teaching, for the dissemination of knowledge by the living voice of the teacher, as opposed to a place of research or a factory where

some trade is taught. It will be seen that Newman's definition is intellectual and ideal in contra-distinction to the utilitarian creed that a university should give training in the art of earning bread. Newman raised his voice of protest, when the industrialists and the new men of science were clamouring for a change in the function and purpose of universities.

*But Newman did not become great merely by his discourses on University Education. He is best remembered in literature as the author of that spiritual autobiography, the *Apologia pro Vita sua*, and that noble poem, the *Pillar of the Cloud*, beginning with the line "Lead, kindly Light." He is famous also for his style, which is as pure and as chaste as his own character, which is limpid and bright as his own intellect, and which consists in the use of the right word in the right place.*

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If I were asked to describe as briefly and popularly as I could, what a University was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a *Studium Generale*, or "School of Universal Learning." This description implies the assemblage of strangers from all parts in one spot;—*from all parts*; else, how will you find professors and students from every department of knowledge? and *in one spot*; else, how can there be any school at all? Accordingly, in its simple and rudimental form, it is a school of knowledge of every kind, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter. Many things are requisite to complete and satisfy the idea embodied in this description; but such as this a University seems to be in its essence, a place for the communication and circulation of thought, by means of personal intercourse through a wide extent of country.

There is nothing far-fetched or unreasonable in the idea thus presented to us: and if this be a University, then a University does but contemplate a necessity of our nature, and is but one specimen in a particular medium, out of many which might be adduced in others, of a provision for that necessity. Mutual education, in a large sense of the word, is one of the great and incessant occupations of human society, carried on partly with set purpose, and partly not. One generation forms another; and the existing generation is ever acting and reacting upon itself in the persons of its individual members. Now, in this process, books, I need scarcely say, that is, the *litera scripta*, are one special instrument. It is true; and emphatically so in this age. Considering the prodigious powers of the press, and how they are developed at this time in the never-intermitting issue of periodicals, tracts, pamphlets, works in series, and light literature, we must allow there never was a time which promised fairer for dispensing with every other means of information and instruction. What can we want more, you will say, for the intellectual education of the whole man, and for every man, than so exuberant and diversified and persistent a promulgation of all kinds of knowledge? Why, you will ask, need we go up to knowledge, when knowledge comes down to us? The Sibyl wrote her prophecies upon the leaves of the forest, and wasted them; but here such careless profusion might be prudently indulged, for it can be afforded without loss, in consequence of the almost fabulous fecundity of the instrument which these latter ages have invented. We have sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks; works larger and more comprehensive than those which have gained for ancients an immortality, issue forth every morning, and are projected onwards to the ends of the earth at the rate of hundreds of miles a day.

Our seats are strewed, our pavements are powdered, with swarms of little tracts ; and the very bricks of our city walls preach wisdom, by informing us by their placards where we can at once cheaply purchase it.

I allow all this, and much more ; such certainly is our popular education, and its effects are remarkable. Nevertheless, after all, even in this age, whenever men are really serious about getting what, in the language of trade is called "a good article," when they aim at something precise something refined, something really luminous something really large, something choice, they go to another market ; they avail themselves, in some shape or other, of the rival method, the ancient method, of oral instruction, of present communication between man and man, of teachers instead of learning, of the personal influence of a master, and the humble initiation of a disciple, and, in consequence, of great centres of pilgrimage and throng, which such a method of education necessarily involves. This, I think, will be found to hold good in all those departments or aspects of society, which possess an interest sufficient to bind men together, or to constitute what is called "a world" It holds in the political world, and in the high world, and in the religious world ; and it holds also in the literary and scientific world.

If the actions of men may be taken as any test of their convictions, then we have reason for saying this, viz. :—that the province and the inestimable benefit of the *litera scripta* is that of being a record of truth, and an authority of appeal, and an instrument of teaching in the hands of a teacher ; but that, if we wish to become exact and fully furnished in any branch of knowledge which is diversified and complicated, we must consult the living man and listen to his living voice, I am not bound to

investigate the cause of this, and anything I may say will. I am conscious, be short of its full analysis;—perhaps we may suggest, that no books can get through the number of minute questions which it is possible to ask on any extended subject, or can hit upon the very difficulties which are severally felt by each reader in succession. Or again, that no book can convey the special spirit and delicate peculiarities of its subject with that rapidity and certainty which attend on the sympathy of mind with mind, through the eyes, the look, the accent, and the manner, in casual expressions thrown off at the moment, and the unstudied turns of familiar conversation. But I am already dwelling too long on what is but an incidental portion of my main subject. Whatever be the cause, the fact is undeniable. The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home; but the detail, the colour, the tone, the air, the life which makes it live in us, you must catch all these from those in whom it lives already. You must imitate the student in French or German, who is not content with his grammar, but goes to Paris or Dresden: you must take example from the young artist, who aspires to visit the great Masters in Florence and in Rome. Till we have discovered some intellectual daguerreotype, which takes off the course of thought, and the form, lineaments, and features of truth, as completely and minutely, as the optical instrument reproduces the sensible object, we must come to the teachers of wisdom to learn wisdom, we must repair to the fountain, and drink there. Portions of it may go from thence to the ends of the earth by means of books; but the fulness is in one place alone. It is in such assemblages and congregations of intellect that books themselves, the master-pieces of human genius, are written or at least originated.

The principle on which I have been insisting is so obvious, and instances in point are so ready, that I should think it tiresome to proceed with the subject, except that one or two illustrations may serve to explain my own language about it, which may not have done justice to the doctrine which it has been intended to enforce.

For instance, the polished manners and high-bred bearing which are so difficult of attainment, and so strictly personal when attained;—which are so much admired in society, from society are acquired. All that goes to constitute a gentleman,—the carriage, gait, address, gestures, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of conversing, the talent of not offending; the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candour and consideration, the openness of hand;—these qualities, some of them come by nature, some of them may be found in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity; but the full assemblage of them, bound up in the unity of an individual character, do we expect they can be learned from books? are they not necessarily acquired, where they are to be found, in high society? The very nature of the case leads us to say so; you cannot fence without an antagonist, nor challenge all comers in disputation before you have supported a thesis; and in like manner, it stands to reason, you cannot learn to converse till you have the world to converse with; you cannot unlearn your natural bashfulness, or awkwardness, or stiffness, or other besetting deformity, till you serve your time in some school of manners. Well, and is it not so in matter of fact? The metropolis, the court, the great houses of the land, are the centres to which at stated times the country comes up, as to shrines of refinement and

good taste ; and then in due time the country goes back again home, enriched with a portion of the social accomplishments, which those very visits serve to call out and heighten in the gracious dispensers of them. We are unable to conceive how the "gentlemanlike" can otherwise be maintained ; and maintained in this way it is.

And now a second instance ; and here too I am going to speak without personal experience of the subject I am introducing. I admit I have not been in Parliament, any more than I have figured in the *beau monde* ; yet I cannot but think that statesmanship, as well as high breeding, is learned, not by books, but in certain centres of education. If it be not presumption to say so, Parliament puts a clever man *au courant* with politics and affairs of state in a way surprising to himself. A member of the Legislature if tolerably observant, begins to see things with new eyes, even though his views undergo no change. Words have a meaning now, and ideas a reality, such as they had not before. He hears a vast deal in public speeches and private conversation, which is never put into print. The bearings of measures and events, the action of parties, and the persons of friends and enemies, are brought out to the man who is in the midst of them with a distinctness, which the most diligent perusal of newspapers will fail to impart to them. It is access to the fountain-heads of political wisdom and experience, it is daily intercourse, of one kind or another, with the multitude who go up to them ; it is familiarity with business, it is access to the contributions of fact and opinion thrown together by many witnesses from many quarters, which does this for him. However, I need not account for a fact, to which it is sufficient to appeal : that the Houses of Parliament and the atmosphere around them are a sort of University of politics.

As regards to the world of science, we find a remarkable instance of the principle which I am illustrating, in the periodical meetings for its advance, which have arisen in the course of the last twenty years, such as the British Association. Such gatherings would to many persons appear at first sight simply preposterous. Above all subjects of study, Science is conveyed, is propagated, by books, or by private teaching; experiments and investigations are conducted in silence; discoveries are made in solitude. What have philosophers to do with festive celebrities, and panegyrical solemnities with mathematical and physical truth? Yet on a closer attention to the subject, it is found that not even scientific thought can dispense with the suggestions, the instruction, the stimulus, the sympathy, the intercourse with mankind on a large scale, which such meetings secure. A fine time of year is chosen when days are long, skies are bright, the earth smiles, and all nature rejoices: a city or town is taken by turns, of ancient name or modern opulence, where buildings are spacious and hospitality hearty. The novelty of place and circumstance, the excitement of strange, or the refreshment of well-known faces, the majesty of rank or of genius, the amiable charities of men pleased both with themselves and with each other; the elevated spirits, the circulation of thought, the curiosity; the morning sections, the outdoor exercise, the well-furnished, well-earned board, the not ungraceful hilarity, the evening circle; the brilliant lecture, the discussions or collisions or guesses of great men one with another, the narratives of scientific processes, of hopes, disappointments, conflicts, and successes, the splendid eulogistic orations; these and the like constituents of the annual celebration, are considered to do something real and substantial for the advance of know-

ledge which can be done in no other way. Of course they can but be occasional ; they answer to the annual Act, or Commencement, or Commemoration of a University, not to its ordinary condition ; but they are of a University nature ; and I can well believe in their utility. They issue in the promotion of a certain living and, as it were, bodily communication of knowledge from one to another, of a general interchange of ideas, and a comparison and adjustment of science with science, of an enlargement of mind, intellectual and social, of an ardent love of the particular study, which may be chosen by each individual, and a noble devotion to its interests.

Such meetings, I repeat, are but periodical, and only partially represent the idea of a University. The bustle and whirl which are their usual concomitants, are in ill keeping with the order and gravity of earnest intellectual education. We desiderate means of instruction which involve no interruption of our ordinary habits ; nor need we seek it long, for the natural course of things brings it about, while we debate over it. In every great country, the metropolis itself becomes a sort of necessary University, whether we will or no. As the chief city is the seat of the court, of high society, of politics, and of law, so as a matter of course is it the seat of letters also ; and at this time, for a long term of years, London and Paris are in fact and in operation Universities, though in Paris its famous University is no more, and in London a University scarcely exists except as a board of administration. The newspapers, magazines, reviews, journals, and periodicals of all kinds, the publishing trade, the libraries, museums, and academies there found, the learned and scientific societies, necessarily invest it with the functions of a University : and that atmosphere of intellect, which

in a former age hung over Oxford or Bologna or Salamanca, has, with the change of times, moved away to the centre of civil government. Thither come up youths from all parts of the country, the students of law, medicine, and the fine arts, and the *employes* and *attaches* of literature. There they live, as chance determines; and they are satisfied with their temporary home, for they find in it all that was promised to them there. They have not come in vain, as far as their own object in coming is concerned. They have not learned any particular religion, but they have learned their own particular profession well. They have, moreover, become acquainted with the habits, manners, and opinions of their place of sojourn, and done their part in maintaining the tradition of them. We cannot then be without virtual Universities; a metropolis is such; the simple question is, whether the education sought and given should be based on principle, formed upon rule, directed to the highest ends, or left to the random, succession of masters and schools, one after another, with a melancholy waste of thought and an extreme hazard of truth.

Religious teaching itself affords us an illustration of our subject to a certain point. It does not indeed seat itself merely in centres of the world; this is impossible from the nature of the case. It is intended for the many not the few; its subject matter is truth necessary for us, not truth recondite and rare; but it concurs in the principle of a University so far as this, that its great instrument, or rather organ, has ever been that which nature prescribes in all education, the personal presence of a teacher, or, in theological language, Oral Tradition. It is the living voice, the breathing form, the expressive countenance, which preaches, which catechises. Truth, a subtle,

invisible, manifold spirit, is poured into the mind of the scholar by his eyes and ears, through his affections, imagination, and reason ; it is poured into his mind and is sealed up there in perpetuity, by propounding and repeating it, by questioning and requestioning, by correcting and explaining, by progressing and then recurring to first principles by all those ways which are implied in the word " catechising." In the first ages, it was a work of long time ; months, sometimes years, were devoted to the arduous task of disabusing the mind of the incipient Christian of its pagan errors, and of moulding it upon the Christian faith. The Scriptures indeed were at hand for the study of those who could avail themselves of them ; but St. Irenaeus does not hesitate to speak of whole races, who had been converted to Christianity, without being able to read them. To be unable to read or write was in those times no evidence of want of learning ; the hermits of the deserts were, in this sense of the word, illiterate ; yet the great St. Anthony, though he knew not letters, was a match in disputation for the learned philosophers who came to try him. Didymus again, the great Alexandrian theologian, was blind. The ancient discipline, called the *Disciplina Arcani*, involved the same principle. The more sacred doctrines of Revelation were not committed to books but passed on by successive tradition. The teaching on the Blessed Trinity and the Eucharist appears to have been so handed down for some hundred years ; and when at length reduced to writing, it has filled many folios, yet has not been exhausted.

But I have said more than enough in illustration ; I end as I began ;—a University is a place of concourse, whither students come from every quarter for every kind of knowledge. You cannot have the best of every kind

everywhere ; you must go to some great city or emporium for it. There you have all the choicest productions of nature and art all together, which you find each in its own separate place elsewhere. All the riches of the land and of the earth, are carried up thither ; there are the best markets, and there are the best workmen. It is the centre of trade, the supreme court of fashion, the umpire of rival talents, and the standard of things rare and precious. It is the place for seeing galleries of first-rate pictures, and for hearing wonderful voices and performers of transcendent skill. It is the place for great preachers, great orators, great nobles, great statesmen. In the nature of things, greatness and unity go together ; excellence implies a centre. And such, for the third or fourth time, is a University ; I hope I do not weary out the reader by repeating it. It is the place to which a thousand schools make contributions ; in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed, by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge. It is the place where the professor becomes eloquent, and is a missionary and a preacher, displaying his science in its most complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm, and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening it into the expanding reason. It is a place which wins the admiration of the young by its celebrity, kindles the affections of the middleaged by its beauty, and rivets the fidelity of the old by its associations. It is a seat

of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation. It is this and a great deal more, and demands a somewhat better head and hand than mine to describe it well.

Such is a University in its idea and in its purpose ; such in good measure has it before now been in fact. Shall it ever be again ? We are going forward in the strength of the Cross, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, in the name of St. Patrick, to attempt it.

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IV. WALKING TOURS

(Robert Louis Stevenson)

[Robert Louis Stevenson, or R. L. S., as he is familiarly styled, lived in the second half of the nineteenth century. Intended for his father's profession of Civil Engineering, he studied for the bar in Edinburgh and settled down, after a good deal of indecision, to literature. Being of a delicate constitution, he was obliged on medical grounds to seek warmer climes, and he travelled extensively through Europe and a part of the West Indies where he settled down for some part of his lifetime. One can understand, therefore, his love of the open air, which is the real theme of the present essay.]



Stevenson was not only an essayist, a critic of men and books and a minor poet. He was also a novelist. He is best remembered for his tales of adventure, like *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*, and a number of short stories which are perfect in form and are the best of their kind. His novels may now be included under the literature of 'escapism,' but they succeed in creating an atmosphere of real unworldliness, in which we are able to forget the worries and anxieties of the work-a-day world. Stevenson has had a number of imitators and the most successful of them was the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

The distinguishing feature of Stevenson's writing is his pleasant style. In one of his autobiographical sketches he tells

us how he achieved it. It was the work of conscious and deliberate art, and consisted in imitating the style of the Spectator and the Bee, of the 18th century. Through hard labour and pains-taking effort, Stevenson was able finally to achieve the use of words with a sure sense, to give a delightful turn to his phrases, and to wield the art of evoking a scene, humorous, strained, or macabre in a wholly convincing manner. In one sense, he might be described as a disciple of William Hazlitt, and that is in his sense of gusto. The present essay acknowledges this discipleship and is illustrative of that fine manner of writing through which the author conveys his sense of the proper feeling of things, of which Hazlitt was past-master.]

* * *

It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humours—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evenings rest. He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes it off, with more delight. The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival. Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel; and so pleasure leads on to pleasure in an endless chain. It is this that so few can understand; they will either be always lounging or always at five miles an hour: they do not play off the one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day.

And, above all, it is here that your overwalker fails of comprehension. His heart rises against those who drink their curaco in liqueur glasses, when he himself can swill it in a brown john. He will not believe that the flavour is more delicate in the smaller dose. He will not believe that to walk this unconscionable distance is merely to stupefy and brutalize himself, and come to his inn, at night, with a sort of frost on his five wits, and a starless night of darkness in his spirit. Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker! He has nothing left of man but a physical need for bed time and double nightcap; and even his pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savourless and disenchanted. It is the fate of such a one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness in the end; he is the man of the proverb, in short, who goes farther and fares worse.

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but name; it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take colour from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon. 'I cannot see the wit,' says Hazlitt, 'of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country,' which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no

cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.

During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveller feels more than coldly towards his knapsack, when he is half in a mind to throw it bodily over the hedge and, like Christian on a similar occasion, 'give three leaps and go on singing.' And yet it soon acquires a property of easiness. It becomes magnetic; the spirit of the journey enters into it. And no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the less of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride. And surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road is the best. Of course, if he *will* keep thinking of his anxieties, if he *will* open the merchant Abudah's chest and walk arm in arm with the hag—why, wherever he is, and whether he walk fast or slow, the chances are that he will not be happy. And so much the more shame to himself! There are perhaps thirty men setting forth at that same hour, and I would lay a large wager there is not another dull face among the thirty. It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road. This one, who walks fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is all concentrated in his own mind; he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words. This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses; he waits by the canal to watch the dragon-flies; he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent

kine. And here comes another talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself. His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes or anger clouds his forehead. He is composing articles, delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way. A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing. And well for him, supposing him to be no great master in that art, if he stumble across no stolid peasant at a corner; for on such an occasion, I scarcely know which is the more troubled, or whether it is worse to suffer the confusion of your troubadour or the unfeigned alarm of your clown. A sedentary population, accustomed, besides, to the strange mechanical bearing of the common tramp, can in no wise explain to itself the gaiety of these passers-by. I knew one man who was arrested as a runaway lunatic, because, although a full grown person with a red beard, he skipped as he went like a child. And you would be astonished if I were to tell you all the grave and learned heads who have confessed to me, that, when on walking tours, they sang—and sang very ill—and had a pair of red ears when, as described above, the inauspicious peasant plumped into their arms from round a corner. And here, lest you should think I am exaggerating, is Hazlitt's own confession, from his essay *On Going a Journey*, which is so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it:

'Give me the clear blue sky over my head,' says he. 'and green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy.'

Bravo! After that adventure of my friend with the policeman, you would not have cared, would you, to

publish that in the first person? But you have no bravery nowadays, and, even in books, must all pretend to be dull and foolish as our neighbours. It was not so with Hazlitt. And notice how learned he is (as indeed, throughout the essay) in theory of walking tours. He is none of your athletic men, in purple stockings, who walk their fifty miles a day: three hours' march in his ideal. And then he must have a winding road, the epicure!

Yet there is one thing I object to in these words of his, one in the great master practice that seems to me not wholly wise. I do not approve of that leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration; they both shake up the brain out of its glorious open-air confusion; and they both break the pace. Uneven walking is not so agreeable to the body, and it distracts and irritates the mind. Whereas, when once you have fallen into an equable stride, it requires no conscious thought from you to keep it up, and yet it prevents you from thinking earnestly of anything else. Like knitting, like the work of a copying clerk, it gradually neutralizes and sets to sleep the serious activity of the mind. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly, as a child thinks, or as we think in a morning doze; we can make puns or puzzle out acrostics, and trifle in a thousand ways with words and rhymes; but when it comes to honest work, when we come to gather ourselves together for an effort, we may sound the trumpet as loud and long as we please; the great barons of the mind will not rally to the standard, but sit, each one, at home, warming his hands over his own fire and brooding on his own private thought!

In the course of a day's walk, you see, there is much variance in the mood. From the exhilaration of the start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the change

is certainly great. As the day goes on, traveller moves from one extreme towards the other. He becomes more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly brighter but the second stage is the more peaceful. A man does not make so many articles towards the end, nor does he laugh aloud; but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical well-being, the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him to his destination still content.

Nor must I forget to say a word about bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come round and look at you, and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the house-top, and remember time and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a lifetime is I was going to say, to live for ever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the fete on Sundays, and where only one

person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives, over and above the bargain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris, and a variety of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads, and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in a watch-pocket! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows, of course, there were no appointments, and punctuality was not yet thought upon. 'Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure,' says Milton, 'he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness.' And so I would say a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits. Now, there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free.

But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march; the flavour of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there was never such grog; at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and harmonious; words take a new meaning; single sentences possess the ear for half an hour together; and

the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest co-incidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream. To all we have read on such occasions we look back with special favour. 'It was on the 10th of April 1798,' says Hazlitt, with amorous precision, 'that I sat down to a volume of the *New Heloise*, at the Inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken.' I should wish to quote more, for though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like Hazlitt. And, taking of that, a volume of Hazlitt's essays would be a capital pocket-book on such a journey; so would a volume of Heine's songs; and for *Tristram Shandy* I can pledge a fair experience.

If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste joviality to the full significance of that audacious word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with any one, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you, more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of scienc. You lay aside all your own hobbies, to watch provincial humours develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale.

Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night, and surly weather imprisons you by the fire. You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been 'happy thinking'. It is a

phrase that may well perplex a poor modern; girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dial-plates. For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realize, and castles in the fire to turn into solid, habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure trips into the Land of Thought and among the Hills of Vanity. Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night, beside the fire, with folded hands; and a changed world for most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags; but they who look upon it from a private chamber, who have the fun of the procession. And once you are at that, you are in the very humour of all social heresy. It is no time for shuffling, or for big empty words. If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek; and you go back into that kingdom of light imaginations, which seem so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken with the disproportions of the world, and, in the face of the gigantic stars,

cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddlestick's end.

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains; your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content; when suddenly the mood changes, the weather-cock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more: whether, for the interval, you have been the wisest philosopher or the most egregious of donkeys. Human experience is not yet able to reply; but at least you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, to-morrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into some different parish of the infinite.

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V. ON LIBERTY.

(John Stuart Mill)

[John Stuart Mill (1806-73) was an eminent British philosopher, who provoked in his day a good deal of discussion by his writings. They did not become popular until after his death.



In 1825 he became a clerk in the India House, the head office of the East India company, in London. He was promoted gradually until in 1856 became the head of his department; and two years later, when the government of India passed to the crown

he declined a seat on the new council, and retired on a pension of £ 1500 a year.

Mill was the author of a book on Logic, which he published in 1843, where opened new ground in his treatment of the inductive method. This method characterises all his writings. In fact, so great was his love of reasoning that the Prime Minister Gladstone called him, the "Saint of Rationalism". We notice it in the present extract from his famous work On Liberty, which is justly regarded as a classic to day. He states his proposition, anticipates objections, and answers them clearly and incisively. The most remarkable thing about his argumentation is his ability to see both sides

of a question. He is no bigot, fanatically holding to his view, nor does he crusade vigorously against his opponents. Calmness, urbanity, and clarity, are marks of his treatment of a theme.

The present extract deals with the subject, "Of the Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual". Mill argues how far and to what extent society has power over the individual, and to what extent the individual can exercise freedom. He starts with the proposition that *inasmuch as the individual receives the protection of society, he is bound in his conduct not to injure the interests of others—a negative virtue, and to defend them from injury and molestation—a positive trait*. If he is unmindful of the interests of others, may be punished justly by public opinion. But in regard to interests that are solely his, and which do not clash with those of others, he is completely free to conduct himself in any manner he likes. This is the main proposition of the extract, but Mill is aware that it may not be assented to completely. Hence he proceeds to analyse it in some detail, to anticipate opposition, to meet it with fairness, and to illustrate his exposition with examples from contemporary life. It is instructive to follow him through all the elaborate intricacies of his reasoning, for his work is a model of ratiocination, and his theme of Supreme importance to us today.]

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What, then, is the rightful limit to the sovereignty of the individual over himself? Where does the authority of society begin? How much of human life should be assigned to individuality, and how much to society?

Each will receive its proper share, if each has that which more particularly concerns it. To individuality should belong the part of life in which it is chiefly the individual that is interested; to society, the part which chiefly interests society.

Though society is not founded on a contract, and though no good purpose is answered by inventing a contract in order to deduce social obligations from it, every one who receives the protection of society owes a return for the benefit, and the fact of living in society renders it indispensable that each should be bound to observe a certain line of conduct towards the rest. This conduct consist, first, in not injuring the interests of one another; or rather certain interests, which, either by express legal provision or by tacit understanding, ought to be considered as rights; and secondly, in each person's bearing his share (to be fixed on some equitable principle) of the labours and sacrifices incurred for defending the society or its members from injury and molestation. These conditions society is justified in enforcing, at all costs to those who endeavour to withhold fulfilment. Nor is this all that society may do. The acts of an individual may be hurtful to others, or wanting in due consideration for their welfare, without going to the length of violating any of their constituted rights. The offender may then be justly punished by opinion, though not by law. As soon as any part of a person's conduct affects prejudicially the interests of others, society has jurisdiction over it, and the question whether the general welfare will or will not be promoted by interfering with it, becomes open to discussion. But there is no room for entertaining any such question when a person's conduct affects the interests of no persons besides himself, or needs not affect them unless they like (all the persons concerned being of full age, and the ordinary amount of understanding). In all such cases, there should be perfect freedom, legal and social, to do the action and stand the consequences.

It would be a great misunderstanding of this doctrine to suppose that it is one of selfish indifference, which

pretends that human beings have no business with each other's conduct in life, and that they should not concern themselves about the well-doing or well-being of one another, unless their own interest is involved. Instead of any diminution, there is need of a great increase of disinterested exertion to promote the good of others. But disinterested benevolence can find other instruments to persuade people to their good than whips and scourges, either of the literal or the metaphorical sort. I am the last person to undervalue the self-regarding virtues; they are only second in importance, if even second, to the social. It is equally the business of education to cultivate both. But even education works by conviction and persuasion as well as by compulsion, and it is by the former only that, when the period of education is passed, the self-regarding virtues should be inculcated. Human beings owe to each other help to distinguish the better from the worse, and encouragement to choose the former and avoid the latter. They should be for ever stimulating each other to increased exercise of their higher faculties, and increased direction of their feelings and aims towards wise instead of foolish elevating instead of degrading, objects and contemplations. But neither one person, nor any number of persons, is warranted in saying to another human creature of ripe years, that he shall not do with his life for his own benefit what he chooses to do with it. He is the person most interested in his own well-being: the interest which any other person, except in cases of strong personal attachment, can have in it, is trifling, compared with that which he himself has; the interest which society has in him individually (except as to his conduct to others) is fractional, and altogether indirect; while with respect to his own feelings and circumstances, the most ordinary man or woman has means of knowledge immeasurably

surpassing those that can be possessed by anyone else. The interference of society to overrule his judgement and purposes in what only regards himself must be grounded on general presumptions; which may be altogether wrong, and even if right, are as likely as not to be misapplied to individual cases, by persons no better acquainted with the circumstances of such cases than those are who look at them merely from without. In this department, therefore, of human affairs, Individuality has its proper field of action. In the conduct of human beings towards one another it is necessary that general rules should for the most part be observed, in order that people may know what they have to expect; but in each person's own concerns his individual spontaneity is entitled to free exercise. Considerations to aid his judgement, exhortations to strengthen his will, may be offered to him, even obtruded on him, by others: but he himself is the final judge. All errors which he is likely to commit against advice and warning are far outweighed by the evil of allowing others to constrain him to what they deem his good.

I do not mean that the feelings with which a person is regarded by others ought not to be in any way affected by his self-regarding qualities or deficiencies. This is neither possible nor desirable. If he is eminent in any of the qualities which conduce to his own good, he is, so far, a proper object of admiration. He is so much the nearer to the ideal perfection of human nature. If he is grossly deficient in those qualities, a sentiment the opposite of admiration will follow. There is a degree of folly, and a degree of what may be called (though the phrase is not unobjectionable) lowness or depravation of taste, which, though it cannot justify doing harm to the person who manifests it, renders him necessarily and properly a subject

of distaste, or, in extreme cases, even of contempt: a person could not have the opposite qualities in due strength without entertaining these feelings. Though doing no wrong to anyone, a person may so act as to compel us to judge him, and feel to him, as a fool, or as a being of an inferior order: and since this judgement and feeling are a fact which he would prefer to avoid, it is doing him a service to warn him of it beforehand, as of any other disagreeable consequence to which he exposes himself. It would be well, indeed, if this good office were much more freely rendered than the common notions of politeness at present permit, and if one person could honestly point out to another that he thinks him in fault, without being considered unmannerly or presuming. We have a right, also, in various ways, to act upon our unfavourable opinion of anyone, not to the oppression of his individuality, but in the exercise of ours. We are not bound, for example, to seek his society; we have a right to avoid (though not to parade the avoidance), for we have a right to choose the society most acceptable to us. We have a right, and it may be our duty, to caution others against him, if we think his example or conversation likely to have a pernicious effect on those with whom he associates. We may give others a preference over him in optional good offices, except those which tend to his improvement. In these various modes a person may suffer very severe penalties at the hands of others for faults which directly concern only himself; but he suffers these penalties only in so far as they are the natural and, as it were, the spontaneous consequences of the faults themselves, not because they are purposely inflicted on him for the sake of punishment. A person who shows rashness, obstinacy, self-conceit—who cannot live within moderate means—who cannot restrain himself from hurtful indul-

gences—who pursues animal pleasures at the expense of those of feeling and intellect—must expect to be lowered in the opinion of others, and to have a less share of their favourable sentiments; but of this he has no right to complain, unless he has merited their favour by special excellence in his social relations, and has thus established a title to their good offices, which is not affected by his demerits towards himself.

What I contend for is, that the inconveniences which are strictly inseparable from the unfavourable judgement of others, are the only ones to which a person should ever be subjected for that portion of his conduct and character which concerns his own good, but which does not affect the interest of others in their relations with him. Acts injurious to others require a totally different treatment. Encroachment of their rights; infliction on them of any loss or damage not justified by his own rights; falsehood or duplicity in dealing with them; unfair or ungenerous use of advantages over them; even selfish abstinence from defending them against injury—these are fit objects of moral reprobation, and, in grave cases, of moral retribution and punishment. And not only these acts, but the dispositions which lead to them, are properly immoral, and fit subjects of disapprobation which may rise to abhorrence. Cruelty of disposition; malice and ill-nature; that most anti-social and odious of all passions, envy; dissimulation and insincerity, irascibility on insufficient cause, and resentment disproportioned to the provocation; the love of domineering over others: the desire to engross more than one's share of advantages (the *πλεονεξία* of the Greeks); the pride which derives gratification from the abasement of others; the egotism which thinks self and its concerns more

important than everything else, and decides all doubtful questions in its own favour—these are moral vices, and constitute a bad and odious moral character: unlike the self-regarding faults previously mentioned, which are not properly immoralities, and to whatever pitch they may be carried, do not constitute wickedness. They may be proofs of any amount of folly, or want of personal dignity and self-respect; but they are only a subject of moral reprobation when they involve a breach of duty to others, for whose sake the individual is bound to have care for himself. What are called duties to ourselves are not socially obligatory, unless circumstances render them at the same time duties to others. The term duty to oneself, when it means anything more than prudence, means self-respect or self-development, and for none of these is anyone accountable to his fellow creatures, because for none of them is it for the good of mankind that he be held accountable to them.

The distinction between the loss of consideration which a person may rightly incur by defect of prudence or of personal dignity, and the reprobation which is due to him for an offence against the rights of others, is not a merely nominal distinction. It makes a vast difference both in our feelings and in our conduct towards him whether he displeases us in things in which we think we have a right to control him, or in things in which we know that we have not. If he displeases us: we may express our distaste, and we may stand aloof from a person as well as from a thing that displeases us but we shall not therefore feel called on to make his life uncomfortable. We shall reflect that he already bears, or will bear, the whole penalty of his error; if he spoils his life by mismanagement, we shall not, for that reason, desire to

spoil it still further : instead of wishing to punish him, we shall rather endeavour to alleviate his punishment, by showing him how he may avoid or cure the evils his conduct tends to bring upon him. He may be to us an object of pity, perhaps of dislike, but not of anger or resentment ; we shall not treat him like an enemy of society : the worst we shall think ourselves justified in doing is leaving him to himself, if we do not interfere benevolently by showing interest or concern for him. It is far otherwise if he has infringed the rules necessary for the protection of his fellow-creatures, individually or collectively. The evil consequence of his acts do not then fall on himself, but on others ; and society, as the protector of all its members, must retaliate on him ; must inflict pain on him for the express purpose of punishment, and must take care that it be sufficiently severe. In the one case, he is an offender at our bar, and we are called on not only to sit in judgement on him, but, in one shape or another, to execute our own sentence : in the other case, it is not our part to inflict any suffering on him, except what may incidentally follow from our using the same liberty in the regulation of our own affairs, which we allow to him in his.

The distinction here pointed out between the part of a person's life which concerns only himself, and that which concerns others, many persons will refuse to admit. How (it may be asked) can any part of the conduct of a member of society be a matter of indifference to the other members? No person is an entirely isolated being : it is impossible for a person to do anything seriously or permanently hurtful to himself, without mischief reaching at least to his near connexions, and often far beyond them. If he injures his property, he does harm to those who directly or indirectly

derived support from it, and usually diminishes, by a greater or less amount, the general resources of the community. If he deteriorates his bodily or mental faculties, he not only brings evil upon all who depended on him for any portion of their happiness, but disqualifies himself for rendering the services which he owes to his fellow-creatures generally; perhaps becomes a burthen on their affection or benevolence; and if such conduct were very frequent, hardly any offence that is committed would detract more from the general sum of good. Finally, if by his vices or follies a person does no direct harm to others, he is nevertheless (it may be said) injurious by his example; and ought to be compelled to control himself, for the sake of those whom the sight or knowledge of his conduct might corrupt or mislead.

And even (it will be added) if the consequences of misconduct could be confined to the vicious or thoughtless individual, ought society to abandon to their own guidance those who are manifestly unfit for it? If protection against themselves is confessedly due to children and persons under age, is not society equally bound to afford it to persons of mature years who are equally incapable of self-government? If gambling, or drunkenness, or incontinence, or idleness, or uncleanness, are as injurious to happiness, and as great a hindrance to improvement, as many or most of the acts prohibited by law, why (it may be asked) should not law, so far as is consistent with practicability and social convenience, endeavour to repress these also? And as a supplement to the unavoidable imperfections of law, ought not opinion at least to organize a powerful police against these vices, and visit rigidly with social penalties those who are known to practise them? There is no question here (it may be said) about restricting

individuality, or impeding the trial of new and original experiments in living. The only things it is sought to prevent are things which have been tried and condemned from the beginning of the world until now; things which experience has shown not to be useful or suitable to any person's individuality. There must be some length of time and amount of experience after which a moral or prudential truth may be regarded as established: and it is merely desired to prevent generation after generation from falling over the same precipice which has been fatal to their predecessors.

I fully admit that the mischief which a person does to himself may seriously affect, both through their sympathies and their interests, those nearly connected with him and, in a minor degree, society at large. When, by conduct of this sort, a person is led to violate a distinct and assignable obligation to any other person or persons, the case is taken out of the self-regarding class, and becomes amenable to moral disapprobation in the proper sense of the term. If, for example, a man, through intemperance or extravagance becomes unable to pay his debts, or, having undertaken the moral responsibility of a family, becomes from the same cause incapable of supporting or educating them, he is deservedly reprobated, and might be justly punished; but it is for the breach of duty to his family or creditors, not for the extravagance. If the resources which ought to have been devoted to them, had been diverted from them for the most prudent investment, the moral culpability would have been the same. George Barnwell murdered his uncle to get money for his mistress, but if he had done it to set himself up in business, he would equally have been hanged. Again, in the frequent case of a man who causes grief to his family by addiction to bad habits, he deserves

reproach for his unkindness or ingratitude; but so he may for cultivating habits not in themselves vicious, if they are painful to those with whom he passes his life, or who from personal ties are dependent on him for their comfort. Whoever fails in the consideration generally due to the interests and feelings of others, not being compelled by some more imperative duty, or justified by allowable self-preference, is a subject of moral disapprobation for that failure, but not for the cause of it, nor for the errors, merely personal to himself, which may have remotely led to it. In like manner, when a person disables himself, by conduct purely self-regarding, from the performance of some definite duty incumbent on him to the public, he is guilty of a social offence. No person ought to be punished simply for being drunk; but a soldier or a policeman should be punished for being drunk on duty. Whenever, in short, there is a definite damage, or a definite risk of damage, either to an individual or to the public, the case is taken out of the province of liberty, and placed in that of morality or law.

But with regard to the merely contingent, or, as it may be called, constructive injury which a person causes to society, by conduct which neither violates any specific duty to the public, nor occasions perceptible hurt to any assignable individual except himself; the inconvenience is one which society can afford to bear, for the sake of the greater good of human freedom. If grown persons are to be punished for not taking proper care of themselves, I would rather it were for their own sake, than under pretence of preventing them from impairing their capacity or rendering to society benefits which society does not pretend it has a right to exact. But I cannot consent to argue the point as if society had no means of bringing its

weaker members up to its ordinary standard of rational conduct, except waiting till they do something irrational, and then punishing them, legally or morally, for it. Society has had absolute power over them during all the early portion of their existence: it has had the whole period of childhood and nonage in which to try whether it could make them capable of rational conduct in life. The existing generation is master both of the training and the entire circumstances of the generation to come; it cannot indeed make them perfectly wise and good, because it is itself so lamentably deficient in goodness and wisdom; and its best efforts are not always, in individual cases, its most successful ones; but it is perfectly well able to make the rising generation, as a whole, as good as, and a little better than, itself. If society lets any considerable number of its members grow up mere children, incapable of being acted on by rational consideration of distant motives, society has itself to blame for the consequences. Armed not only with all the powers of education, but with the ascendancy which the authority of a received opinion always exercises over the minds who are least fitted to judge for themselves; and aided by the *natural* penalties which cannot be prevented from falling on those who incur the distaste or the contempt of those who know them; let not society pretend that it needs, besides all this, the power to issue commands and enforce obedience in the personal concerns of individuals, in which, on all principles of justice and policy, the decision ought to rest with those who are to abide the consequences. Nor is there anything which tends more to discredit and frustrate the better means of influencing conduct than a resort to the worse. If there be among those whom it is attempted to coerce into prudence or temperance any of the material of which vigorous and independent characters are made, they will infallibly rebel

against the yoke. No such person will never feel that others have a right to control him in his concerns, such as they have to prevent him from injuring them in theirs; and it easily comes to be considered a mark of spirit and courage to fly in the face of such usurped authority, and do with ostentation the exact opposite of what it enjoins; as in the fashion of grossness which succeeded, in the time of Charles II, to the fanatical moral intolerance of the Puritans. With respect to what is said of the necessity of protecting society from the bad example set to others by the vicious or the self-indulgent; it is true that bad example may have a pernicious effect, especially the example of doing wrong to others with impunity to the wrong-doer. But we are now speaking of conduct which, while it does no wrong to others, is supposed to do great harm to the agent him self; and I do not see how those who believe this can think otherwise than that the example, on the whole, must be more salutary than hurtful, since, if it displays misconduct, it displays also the painful or degrading consequences which, if the conduct is justly censured, must be supposed to be in all or most cases attendant on it.

But the strongest of all the arguments against the interference of the public with purely personal conduct is that, when it does interfere, the odds are that it interferes wrongly, and in the wrong place. On questions of social morality, of duty to others, the opinion of the public, that is, of an overruling majority, though often wrong, is likely to be still oftener right; because on such questions they are only required to judge of their own interests; of the manner in which some mode of conduct, if allowed to be practised, would affect themselves. But the opinion of a similar majority, imposed as a law of a minority, on

question of self-regarding conduct, as quite as likely to be wrong as right; for these cases public opinion means, at the best, some people's opinion of what is good or bad for other people; while very often it does not even mean that; the public, with the most perfect indifference, passing over the pleasure or convenience of those whose conduct they censure and considering only their own preference. There are many who consider as an injury to themselves any conduct which they have a distaste for, and resent it as an outrage to their feelings; as a religious bigot, when charged with disregarding the religious feelings of others has been known to retort that they disregard his feelings by persisting in their abominable worship or creed. But there is no party between the feeling of a person for his own opinion, and the feeling of another who is offended at his holding it; no more than between the desire of a thief to take a purse, and the desire of the right owner to keep it. And a person's taste is as much his own peculiar concern as his opinion or his purse. It is easy for anyone to imagine an ideal public which leaves the freedom and choice of individuals in all uncertain matters undisturbed, and only requires them to abstain from modes of conduct which universal experience has condemned. But where has there been seen a public which set any such limit to its censorship? or when does the public trouble itself about universal experience? In its interferences with personal conduct it is seldom thinking of anything but the enormity of acting or feeling differently from itself; and this standard of judgement, thinly disguised, is held up to mankind as the dictate of religion and philosophy, by nine-tenths of all moralists and speculative writers. These teach that things are right because they are right; because we feel them to be so. They tell us to search in our own minds and hearts for

laws of conduct binding on ourselves and on all others. What can the poor public do but apply these instructions, and make their own personal feelings of good and evil, if they are tolerably unanimous in them, obligatory on all the world?

The evil here pointed out is not one which exists only in theory; and it may perhaps be expected that I should specify the instances in which the public of this age and country improperly invests its own preferences with the character of moral laws. I am not writing an essay on the aberrations of existing moral feeling. That is too weighty a subject to be discussed parenthetically, and by way of illustration. Yet examples are necessary to show that the principle I maintain is of serious and practical moment, and that I am not endeavouring to erect a barrier against imaginary evils. And it is not difficult to show, by abundant instances, that to extend the bounds of what may be called moral police, until it encroaches on the most unquestionably legitimate liberty of the individual, is one of the most universal of all human propensities.

As a first instance, consider the antipathies which men cherish on no better grounds than that persons whose religious opinions are different from theirs do not practise their religious observances, especially their religious abstinences. To cite a rather trivial example, nothing in the creed or practice of Christians does more to envenom the hatred of Mohammedans against them than the fact of their eating pork. There are few acts which Christians and Europeans regard with more unaffected disgust than Mussulmans regard this particular mode of satisfying hunger. It is, in the first place, an offence against their religion; but this circumstance by no means explains

either the degree or the kind of their repugnance; for wine also is forbidden by their religion, and to partake of it is by all Mussulmans accounted wrong, but not disgusting. Their aversion to the flesh of the 'unclean beast' is, on the contrary, of that peculiar character, resembling an instinctive antipathy, which the idea of uncleanness, when once it thoroughly sinks into the feelings, seems always to excite even in those whose personal habits are anything but scrupulously cleanly, and of which the sentiment of religious impurity, so intense in the Hindus, is a remarkable example. Suppose now that in a people, of whom the majority were Mussulmans, that majority should insist upon, not permitting pork to be eaten within the limits of the country.' This would be nothing new in Mohammedan countries. Would it be a legitimate exercise of the moral authority of public opinion? and if not, why not? The practice is really revolting to such a public. They also sincerely think it is forbidden and abhorred by the Deity. Neither could the prohibition be censured as religious persecution. It might be religious in its origin, but it would not be persecution for religion, since nobody's religion makes it a duty to eat pork. The only tenable ground of condemnation would be that with the personal tastes and self-regarding concerns of individuals the public has no business to interfere.

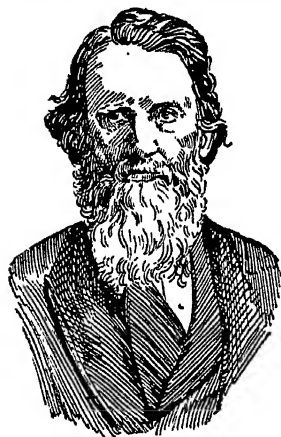
To come somewhat nearer home: the majority of Spaniards consider it a gross impiety, offensive in the highest degree to the Supreme Being, to worship him in any other manner than the Roman Catholic; and no other public worship is lawful on Spanish soil. The people of all Southern Europe look upon a married clergy as not only irreligious, but unchaste, indecent, gross, disgusting. What do Protestants think of these perfectly sincere

feelings, and of the attempt to enforce them against non-Catholics? Yet, if mankind are justified in interfering with each other's liberty in things which do not concern the interests of others, on what principle is it possible consistently to exclude these cases? or who can blame people for desiring to suppress what they regard as a scandal in the sight of God and man? No stronger case can be shown for prohibiting anything which is regarded as a personal immorality, than is made out for suppressing these practices in the eyes of those who regard them as impieties; and unless we are willing to adopt the logic of persecutors, and to say that we may persecute others because we are right, and that they must not persecute us because they are wrong, we must beware of admitting a principle of which we should resent as a gross injustice the application to ourselves.

VI. OF KING'S TREASURIES.

(John Ruskin.)

[John Ruskin (1819—1900), the 'gentleman of letters' as he has been frequently described, was, with Carlyle, Newman and Arnold, a prophet of the Victorian era. They struggled against the growing materialism of the age. The new industrialism of the close of the eighteenth century had resulted in the great material prosperity of the adventurous middle class in England to the negligence and detriment of all that we ordinarily recognise as noble in life. Factories sprung up like mushrooms all over the country, casting 'a yellow dusk and



smoky enormous bale to grieve over the land and make the sunlight fail.' The beauty and calm of rural scenery were destroyed. People who had made their pile were eager to make more; Carlyle fulminated against it all, but Ruskin was more clear-headed and had a far more balanced sense of values. Carlyle founded the remedy in honest, diligent work. But Ruskin never believed that happiness is to be found only in 'nerve-racking, back-breaking toil.' He was far too sensible to accept the view that work was the sole aim of man's existence on earth: sometime at least should be given to the contemplation of God's handiwork, and the enjoyment of beautiful things. 'He felt that the landscape and the society brought about by industrialism, and supported by

orthodox economics, was mortally inimical to art, which could not exist without human life having some decency, some idea other than that of Mammon.' Hence his passionate plea, as in this selection from his Sesame and Lilies, for a better and broader outlook, for the cultivation of the mind through the study of good books, which he calls "King's Treasuries."

He begins with a statement and elucidation of his theme ("I want to speak to you about books: and about the way we read them, and could or should, read them"); and passes by an easy transition to the aim of modern education, viz., 'Advancement in life', and to the discussion of its popular and proper meanings. If advancement in life consists in knowing the great and conspicuous in the world, there is the society of books at our elbow, always open to us, Kings and Statesmen waiting patiently to talk to us.

And just as in life we delight in petty tittle-tattle and discussion also of grave and serious matters, so, too, books are divisible into the books of the hour and books of all time. It is a distinction of species. The next section deals with how they ought to be approached and read. The present extract concludes with Ruskin's emphasis on the qualities of the head and heart of the reader, who desires to profit by his studies; the kind of application that is necessary to his task; and the pitfalls of English vocabulary which he must carefully avoid.

The exposition is popular, since Ruskin intended his book for 'young people belonging to the upper and undistressed, middle classes, who may be supposed to have choice of the objects and command of the industries, of their life.' It is clear as crystal, and the illustrations are homely and are such as are within reach of every one in ordinary life.

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My first duty this evening is to ask your pardon for the ambiguity of title under which the subject of lecture

has been announced : for indeed I am not going to talk of kings, known as regnant, nor of treasuries, understood to contain wealth ; but of quite another order of royalty, and another material of riches, than those usually acknowledged. I had even intended to ask your attention for a little while on trust, and (as sometimes one contrives, in taking a friend to see a favourite piece of scenery) to hide what I wanted most to show, with such imperfect cunning as I might, until we unexpectedly reached the best point of view by winding paths. But—and also I have heard it said, by men practised in public address, that hearers are never so much fatigued as by the endeavour to follow a speaker who gives them no clue to his purpose—I will take the slight mask off at once, and tell you plainly that I want to speak to you about the treasures hidden in books ; and about the way we find them, and the way we lose them. A grave subject, you will say ; and a wide one ! Yes ; so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring before you a few simple thoughts about reading, which press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the course of the public mind with respect to our daily enlarging means of education ; and the answeringly wider spreading on the levels, of the irrigation of literature.

It happens that I have practically some connexion with schools for different classes of youth ; and I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. In the mass of these letters I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a ‘ position in life ’ takes above all other thoughts in the parents’—more especially in the mothers’—minds. ‘ The education befitting such and such a *station in life* ’—this is the phrase, this the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can

make out, an education good in itself; even the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But, an education 'which shall keep a good coat on my son's back;—which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors' bell at double-belled doors; which shall result ultimately in the establishment of a double-belled door to his own house;—in a word, which shall lead to advancement in life;—*this* we pray for on bent knees—and this is *all* we pray for'. It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which, in itself, *is* advancement in Life: that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death; and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way; while it is for no price, and by no favour, to be got, if they set about it in the wrong.

Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of this busiest of countries, I suppose the first—at least that which is confessed with the greatest frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to youthful exertion—is this of 'Advancement in life'. May I ask you to consider with me, what this idea practically includes, and what it should include?

Practically, then, at present, 'advancement in life' means, becoming conspicuous in life; obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honourable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it: In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones; and, on the whole, the

strongest impulsive influence of average humanity; the greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies at the root of effort; especially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us, the stimulus of toil and balm of repose; so closely does it touch the very springs of life that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure *mortal*; we call it 'mortification', using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although a few of us may be physicians enough to recognize the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know, and would at once acknowledge, its leading power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be *called* captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes that no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called 'My Lord'. And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom, because he believes that no one else can as well serve the State, upon its throne: but briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as 'Your Majesty', by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

This, then, being the 'main idea of 'advancement in life', the force of it applies, for all of us, according to our station, particularly to that secondary result of such

advancement which we call 'getting into good society'. We want to get into good society not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it; and our notion of its goodness depends primarily on its conspicuousness.

Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent question? I never can go on with an address unless I feel, or know; that my audience are either with me or against me: I do not much care which, in beginning; but I must know where they are; and I would fain find out, at this instant, whether you think I am putting the motives of popular action to low. I am resolved, tonight, to state them low enough to be admitted as probable; for whenever, in my writings, on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity—or what used to be called 'virtue'—may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people always answer me, saying, 'You must not calculate on that: that is not in human nature: you must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business.' I begin, accordingly, tonight low in the scale of motives: but I must know if you think me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men's minds in seeking advancement, and the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (*About a dozen hands held up—the audience, partly, not being sure the lecturer is serious and, partly, shy of expressing opinion.*) I am quite serious—I really want to know what you think; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question: Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second

motive, hold up their hands? (*One hand reported to have been held up, behind the lecturer.*) Very good: I see you are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now without teasing you by putting farther question, I venture to assume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive.' You think that the desire of doing something useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure, for the sake of beneficent power; and would wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally, without being troubled by repetition of any common truisms about the preciousness of friends, and the influence of companions you will admit, doubtless, that according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions wise—and in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both, will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

But granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a

man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation:—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long—kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it!—in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our bookcase shelves—we make no account of that company—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

You may tell me, perhaps or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them; and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two instead of four, and you can be hidden

behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men—this station of audience, and honourable privy council, you despise !

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay ; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes: the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time: bad books for the hour, and good ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know ; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels ; good-humoured and witty discussions of question ; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel ; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history ;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general are a peculiar possession of the present age ; we ought to be entirely

thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, today: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at break-fast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that assuming story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be in the real sense of the word a 'book' at all, nor in the real sense, to be 'read'. A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with a view of more communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight which his share

of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever: engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, 'This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.' That is his 'writing'; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a 'Book'.

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done; that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men—by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before—yet, have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose today you cannot gain tomorrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entree* here, and audience

there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

'The place you desire', and the place *you fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portieres of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question: 'Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But no other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognize our presence.'

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways.

First, by true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, 'How good this is—that's exactly what I think!' But the right feeling is, 'How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day.' But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange *will* not, but in a hidden way and in parable, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward; and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it.

But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where; you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, 'Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?' And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (*I know I am right in this*), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds

in the function of signs, that the study of books is called 'literature', and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real fact—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly 'illiterate' uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages—may not be able to speak any but his own—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern canaille; remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent of which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any—not a word of even his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person; so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever.

VII. PERSONAL STYLE.

(John Addington Symonds.)

[John Addington Symonds (1840—93) was a scholar of eminence, a critic of art and literature and a minor poet.]



He received his education at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he won many distinctions. In 1862 he became a fellow of Magdalen. His arduous studies broke down his health, and, like R. L. Stevenson, he was obliged for the rest of his life to fight against sickness and disease. He was never happy unless working at a fever heat. He, too, moreover, was obliged to

elude the rigours of an English climate, finding a happy refuge in Davos Platz—which he describes charmingly in Our Life in the Swiss Highlands (1891).

His scholarship in Greek and Latin, and in Italian, is revealed by his Introduction to the study of Dante (1872) and his admirably vivid Studies of the Greek Poets (1873—76). Meanwhile he was occupied upon his magnum opus, The Renaissance in Italy (7 volumes, 1875—86), which remains a classic authority in English on the subject.

During his Swiss exile in the last part of his life from 1877, he was busily engaged in the interpretation of English literature as well, and wrote excellent monographs on Shelley (1878), and Sir Philip Sidney, (1886). He had already

published in 1874 his Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama, an enthusiastic approach to the study of Elizabethan drama, and the best introduction to Shakespeare. But during this exile he returned also to the byways of the Renaissance, and while writing a monograph on Michael Angelo (1893), he gave exhibition of his admirable gifts as a translator in his Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini (1887).

The present essay, called from his volume of essays reveals his literary taste and acumen, the delicacy and insight of his approach as a critic. The abstract study of style has been a favourite topic with most literary critics, but none has tackled the problem with such clearness as Symonds has done.

Style, he says, in the first instance, is dependent on national character;—the dominant qualities of the mother-tongue would impose definite limitations on an author's power of expressing his thoughts. Narrowing the problem still further, it is dependent on the physical, mental and moral nature of the individual. The hackneyed epigram Le style c'est l'homme expresses just this point of view. The rest of the essay is devoted to an exposition of the doctrine that style is purely subjective: it is the man himself.

* * * *

A survey of language, however superficial, makes it evident that when we speak of style, we have to take into account those qualities of national character which are embodied in national speech. If two men could be born of precisely the same physical, mental, and moral nature, at precisely the same moment of history, and under precisely the same social conditions: and if these men learned different languages in the cradle, and used those languages in after life, they would be unable to deliver exactly

the same message to the world through literature. The dominant qualities of each mother-tongue would impose definite limitations on their power of expressing thoughts, however similar or identical those thoughts might be.

We cannot conceive two men born with the same physical, mental, and moral nature, at the same moment, under precisely the same conditions, and using the same language. They would be identical; and everything they uttered would be clothed with exactly the same words. The absurdity of this conception brings home to us the second aspect of style. Style is not merely a sign of those national qualities which are generic to established languages, and which constitute the so-called genius of race. It is also the sign of personal qualities, specific to individuals, which constitute the genius of a man. Whatever a man utters from his heart and head is the index of his character. The more remarkable a person is, the more strongly he is differentiated from the average of human beings, the more salient will be the characteristic notes of his expression. But even the commonest people have, each of them, specific style. The marks of difference become microscopical as we descend from Dante or Shakespeare to the drudges of the clerk's desk in one of our great cities. Yet these marks exist, and are no less significant of individuality than the variations between leaf and leaf upon the lime-trees of an avenue.

It may be asked whether the manner of expression peculiar to any person is a complete index to his character—whether, in other words, there is 'an art to find the mind's construction' in the style. Not altogether and exhaustively. Not all the actions and the utterances of an individual betray the secret of his personality. You may live with men and women through years, by day, by

night, yet you will never know the whole about them. No human being knows the whole about himself.

The delicate attitude adopted by a literary writer implies circumspection; invites suppression, reservation, selection; is compatible with affectation, dissimulation, hypocrisy. So much cannot be claimed for critical analysis as that we should pretend to reproduce a man's soul after close examination of his work. What we may assert with confidence is that the qualities of style are intimately connected with the qualities and limitations of the writer, and teach us much about him. He wrote thus and thus, because he was this or this. In the exercise of style it is impossible for any one to transcend his inborn and acquired faculties of ideation, imagination, sense-perception, verbal expressions—just as it is impossible in the exercise of strength for an athlete to transcend the limits of his physical structure, powers of innervation, dexterity, and courage. The work of art produced by a writer is therefore of necessity complexioned and determined by the inborn and acquired faculties of the individual. This is what we mean by the hackneyed epigram: *Le style c'est l'homme*.

Certain broad distinctions of moral and emotional temperament may undoubtedly be detected in literary style: A tendency toward exaggeration, toward self-revelation, toward emphasis upon the one side; a tendency to reserve, to diminished tone in colouring, to parsimony of rhetorical resource upon the other; these indicate expansiveness or reticence in the writer. Victor Hugo differs by the breadth of the whole heavens from Leopardi. One man is ironical by nature, another sentimental. Sterne and Heine have a common gift of humour; but the quality of humour in each case is conditioned by sympathetic or

by caustic undercurrents of emotion. Sincerity and affectation, gaiety and melancholy, piety and scepticism, austerity and sensuality penetrate style so subtly and unmistakably that a candid person cannot pose as the mere slave of convention, a boon companion cannot pass muster for an anchorite, the founder of a religious sect cannot play the part of an agnostic. In dramatic work the artist creates characters alien from his own personality, and exhibits people widely different from himself acting and talking as they ought to do. This he achieves by sympathy and intuition. Yet all except the very greatest fail to render adequately what they have not felt and been. In playwrights of the second order, like our Fletcher, or of the third order, like our Byron, the individual who writes the tragedy and shapes the characters is always apparent under every mask he chooses to assume. And even the style of the greatest, their manner of presenting the varieties of human nature, betrays individual peculiarities. Aeschylus sees men and women differently from Sophocles, Corneille from Racine, Shakespeare from Goethe.

In like manner the broad distinctions of mental temperament may be traced in style. The abstract thinker differs from the concrete thinker in his choice of terms; the analytical from the sympathetic; the ratiocinative from the intuitive; the logical from the imaginative; the scientific from the poetical. One man thinks in images, another in formal propositions. One is diffuse, and gets his thought out by reiterated statement. Another makes epigrams, and finds some difficulty in expanding their sense or throwing light upon them by illustrations. One arrives at conclusions by the way of argument. Another clothes assertion with the tropes and metaphors of rhetoric.

THE PERSONAL STYLE

The same is true of physical and aesthetical qualities. They are felt inevitably in style. The sedentary student does not use the same figures of speech as come naturally to the muscular and active lover of field sports. According as the sense for colour, or for sound, or for light, or for form shall preponderate in a writer's constitution, his language will abound in references to the world, viewed under conditions of colour, sound, light, or form. He will insensibly dwell upon those aspects of things which stimulate his sensibility and haunt his memory. Thus, too, predilections for sea or mountains, for city-life or rural occupations, for flowers, precious stones, scents, birds, animals, insects, different kinds of food, torrid or temperate climates, leave their mark on literary style.

Acquired faculties and habits find their expression in style no less than inborn qualities. Education, based upon humanism or scientific studies; contact with powerful personalities at an impressible period of youth; enthusiasm aroused for this or that great masterpiece of literature; social environment; high or low birth; professional training for the bar, the church, medicine, or commerce; life in the army, at sea, upon a farm, and so forth, tinge the mind and give a more or less perceptible colour to language.

The use of words itself yields, upon analysis, valuable results illustrative of the various temperaments of authors. A man's vocabulary marks him out as of this sort—his preference for certain syntactical forms, for short sentences or for periods, for direct or inverted propositions, for plain or figurative statement, for brief or amplified illustrations. Some compose sentences, but do not build paragraphs—like Emerson; some write chapters, but cannot construct a book. Nor is punctuation to be disregarded.

inasmuch as stops enable us to measure a writer's sense of time-values, and the importance he attaches to several degrees of rest and pause.

It is impossible to do more than indicate some of the leading points which illustrate the meaning of the saying that style is the man ; any one can test them and apply them for himself. We not only feel that Walter Scott *did not* write like Thackeray, but we also know that he *could not* write like Thackeray, and vice versa. This impossibility of one man producing work in exactly the same manner as another makes all deliberate attempts at imitation assume the form of parody or caricature. The sacrifice of individuality involved in scrupulous addiction to one great master of Latin prose, Cicero, condemned the best stylists of the Renaissance—men like Muretus—to lifeless and eventually worthless production. Meanwhile the exact psychology is wanting which would render our intuitions regarding the indissoluble link between style and personal character irrefutable.

Literary style is more a matter of sentiment, emotion, involuntary habits of feeling and observing, constitutional sympathy with the world and men, tendencies of curiosity and liking, than of the pure intellect. The style of scientific works, affording little scope for the exercise of these psychological elements, throws less light upon their authors' temperament than does the style of poems, novels, essays, books of travel, descriptive criticism. In the former case all that need be aimed at is lucid exposition of fact and vigorous reasoning. In the latter the fact to be stated, the truth to be arrived at, being of a more complex nature, involves a process akin to that of the figurative arts. The stylist has here to produce the desired effect by suggestions of infinite subtlety, and to present impressions made upon his sensibility.

Autobiographies, epistolary correspondence, notes of table talk, are of the highest value in determining the correlation between a writer's self and his style. We not only derive a mass of information about Goethe's life from Eckermann, but we also discover from those conversations in how true a sense the style of Goethe's works grew out of his temperament and experience. Gibbon and Rousseau, Alfieri and Goldoni, Samuel Johnson in his *life* by Boswell, John Stuart Mill in his autobiographical essay, Petrarch in his *secretum* and fragment of personal confessions, have placed similar keys within our reach for unlocking the secret of their several manners.

The rare cases in which men of genius have excelled in more than one branch of art are no less instructive. Michelangelo the sonnet-writer helps us to understand Michelangelo the sculptor. Rossetti the painter throws light on Rossetti the poet: William Blake the lyricist upon William Blake the draughtsman. We find, on comparing the double series of work offered by such eminent and exceptionally gifted individuals, that their styles in literature and plastic art possess common qualities, which mark the men and issue from their personalities. Michelangelo in the sonnets is as abstract, as ideal, as form loving, as indifferent to the charm of brilliant colour, as neglectful of external nature as Michelangelo in his statutes and the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. Rossetti's pictures, with their wealth of colour, their elaborate execution, their sharp incisive vision, their deep imaginative mysticism and powerful perfume of intellectual sensuousness, present a close analogue to his ballads, sonnets, and descriptive poems. With these and similar instances in our mind, we are prepared to hear that Victor Hugo designed pictures in the style of Gustave Dore: nor would

it surprise us to discover that Gustave Dore had left odes or fiction in the manner of Victor Hugo.

The problems suggested by style as a sign and index of personality may be approached from many points of view. I have not aimed at exhaustiveness even of suggestion in my treatment of the topic; and while saying much which will appear perhaps trivial and obvious, have omitted some of the subtler and more interesting aspects of the matter. A systematic criticism of personal style would require a volume, and would demand physiological and psychological knowledge which is rarely found in combination with an extensive study of literatures and arts.

VIII. DAVID HUME.

(Lytton Strachey)

[Lytton Strachey (1880—1930), who revolutionised the art of writing biography with his great work on Queen Victoria (1921), was a writer also of delightful little sketches of the celebrities both of England and of France; not the celebrities merely, for he was perfectly at home, too, in the byways of the memoirs of the lesser planets too. The resuscitation of men and women of the past in brief portraits was his metier. As Frank Swinnerton says: 'He had an admirable gift for the picturesque, a quick rather than a powerful mind, and a habit, which is not unlike the romantic novelist's habit, of dramatising every scene he described.'



The memoir-writer, Sainte-Beuve, of eighteenth century France, was his chief literary inspiration. Without copying him directly, he has caught his brevity and illuminatingness, his wit and malice. Without being openly offensive, he is able with his free and vivid style to leave a sting in the tail of almost every alternate sentence. His forte consists in his detached outlook on men and things, which reduces everything gigantic to the microscopic.

There appears to be a similarity of temper, outlook and even physical peculiarities between the author and his subject

in the present essay. For, as H. A. L. Fisher, the editor of Home University Library series, observed him, when he set him to the task of writing his Landmarks in French Literature (1912), he was at that time, 'a sensitive, ungainly youth, awkward in his bearing, and presenting an appearance of great physical debility, as if he had recently risen from the bed of an invalid. His voice was faint and squeaky. His pale face was closely shaven. The long red beard of Lamb's portrait, which made him so familiar, was a thing of the future. He was very silent, but uncannily quick and comprehending.'

Strachey likes Hume for his perfect detachment, for his uncompromising faith in reason, for his uncouth figure which was completely at variance with the clearness of his intellect, and sardonic humour—all of them characteristics which he had in common with the great philosopher of the eighteenth century.

Strachey's is no chronological sketch of the writer; he illuminates his portrait with anecdotes and makes it instructive by his shrewd analysis of the merits and defects of his work. Hume's History has been for a long time, regarded as a classic. Notice the subtle way in which Strachey hits at its uselessness today. "The virtues of a metaphysician," he writes, "are the vices of a historian. A generalised, colourless, unimaginative view of things is admirable when one is considering the law of casualty, but one needs something else if one has to describe Queen Elizabeth."

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In what resides the most characteristic virtue of humanity? In good works? Possibly. In the creation of beautiful objects? Perhaps. But some would look in a different direction, and find it in detachment. To all such David Hume must be a great saint in the calendar;

for no mortal being was ever more completely divested of the trammels of the personal and the particular, none ever practised with a more consummate success the divine art of impartiality. And certainly to have no axe to grind is something very noble and very rare. It may be said to be the antithesis of the bestial. A series of creatures might be constructed, arranged according to their diminishing interest in the immediate environment, which would begin with the amoeba and end with the mathematician. In pure mathematics the maximum of detachment appears to be reached: the mind moves in an infinitely complicated pattern, which is absolutely free from temporal considerations. Yet this very freedom—the essential condition of the mathematician's activity—perhaps gives him an unfair advantage. He can only be wrong—he cannot cheat. But the metaphysician can. The problems with which he deals are of overwhelming importance to himself and the rest of humanity; and it is his business to treat them with an exactitude as unbiased as if they were some puzzle in the theory of numbers. That is his business—and his glory. In the mind of Hume one can watch at one's ease this superhuman balance of contrasting opposites—the questions of so profound a moment, the answers of so supreme a calm. And the same beautiful quality may be traced in the current of his life, in which the wisdom of philosophy so triumphantly interpenetrated the vicissitudes of the moral lot.

His history falls into three stages—youth, maturity, repose. The first was the most important. Had Hume died at the age of twenty-six his real work in the world would have been done, and his fame irrevocably established. Born in 1711, the younger son of a small Scottish landowner, he was very early dominated by that passion

for literary pursuits which never left him for the rest of his life. When he was twenty-two one of those crises occurred—both physical and mental—which not uncommonly attack young men of genius when their adolescence is over, and determine the lines of their destiny. Hume was suddenly overcome by restlessness, ill-health, anxiety and hesitation. He left home, went to London, and then to Bristol, where with the idea of making an independent fortune, he became a clerk in a merchant's office. 'But,' as he wrote long afterwards in his autobiography, 'in a few months I found that scene totally unsuitable to me'. No wonder; and then it was that, by a bold stroke of instinctive wisdom, he took the strange step which was the starting point of his career. He went to France, where he remained for three years—first at Rheims, then at La Fleche in Anjou—entirely alone, with only just money enough to support an extremely frugal existence, and with only the vaguest prospects before him. During those years he composed his *Treatise of Human Nature*, the masterpiece which contains all that is most important in his thought. The book opened a new era in philosophy. The last vestiges of theological prepossessions—which were still faintly visible in Descartes and Locke were discarded; and reason, in all her strength and all her purity, came into her own. It is in the sense that Hume gives one of being committed absolutely to reason—of following wherever reason leads, with a complete and even reckless, confidence—that the great charm of his writing consists. But it is not only that; one is not alone; one is in the company of a supremely competent guide. With astonishing vigour, with heavenly lucidity, Hume leads one through the confusion and the darkness of speculation. One has got into an aeroplane, which has

glided imperceptibly from the ground; with thrilling ease one mounts and mounts; and, supported by the mighty power of intellect, one looks out, to see the world below one, as one has never seen it before. In the *Treatise* there is something that does not appear again in Hume's work—a feeling of excitement—the excitement of discovery. At moments he even hesitates, and stands back, amazed at his own temerity.

“The *Intense* view of these manifold contradictions and imperfections in human reason has so wrought upon me, and heated my brain, that I am ready to reject all belief and reasoning, and can look upon no opinion even as more probable or likely than another. Where am I, or what? From what causes do I derive my existence, and to what conditions shall I return? Whose favour shall I court and whose anger must I dread? What beings surround me? and on whom have I any influence, or who have influence on me? I am confounded with all these questions and began to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness, and utterly deprived of the use of every member and faculty.” And then his courage returns once more, and he speeds along on his exploration.

The *Treatise*, published in 1738, was a complete failure. For many years more Hume remained in poverty and insignificance. He eked out a living by precarious secretary-ships, writing meanwhile a series of essays on philosophical, political, and aesthetic subjects, which appeared from time to time in small volumes, and gradually brought him a certain reputation. It was not till he was over forty, when he was made librarian to the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh, that his position became secure. The appointment gave him not only a

small competence but the command of a large library; and he determined to write the History of England—a task which occupied him for the next ten years.

The *History* was a great success; many editions were printed; and in his own day it was chiefly as a historian that Hume was known to the general public. After his death his work continued for many years the standard history of England, until, with a new age, new fields of knowledge were opened up and a new style of historical writing became fashionable. The book is highly typical of the eighteenth century. It was an attempt—one of the very earliest—to apply intelligence to the events of the past. Hitherto, with very few exceptions (Bacon's Henry the Seventh was one of them) history had been in the hands of memoir writers like Commynes and Clarendon, or moralists like Bossuet. Montesquieu in his *Considerations sur les Romains*, had been the first to break the new ground; but his book, brilliant and weighty as it was, must be classed rather as a philosophical survey than historical narration. Voltaire, almost exactly contemporary with Hume, was indeed a master of narrative, but was usually too much occupied with discrediting Christianity to be a satisfactory historian. Hume had no such *arrière-pensée*; he only wished to tell the truth as he saw it, with clarity and elegance. And he succeeded. In his volumes—especially those on the Tudors and Stuarts—one may still find entertainment and even instruction. Hume was an extremely intelligent man, and anything that he had to say on English history could not fail to be worth attending to. But, unfortunately, mere intelligence is not itself quite enough to make a great historian. It was not simply that Hume's knowledge of his subject was insufficient—that an enormous number of facts, which have come into

view since he wrote, have made so many of its statements untrue and so many of his comments unmeaning; all that is serious, but it is not more serious than the circumstance that his cast of mind was in reality ill-fitted for the task he has undertaken. The virtues of a metaphysician are the vices of a historian. A generalized, colourless, unimaginative view of things is admirable when one is considering the law of casuality, but one needs something else if one has to describe Queen Elizabeth.

This fundamental weakness is materialized in the style of the *History*. Nothing could be more enchanting than Hume's style when he is discussing philosophical subjects. The grace and clarity of exquisite writing are enhanced by a touch of colloquialism—the tone of a polished conversation. A personality—a most engaging personality—just appears. The cat-like touches of ironic malice—hints of something very sharp behind the velvet—add to the effect. 'Nothing,' Hume concludes, after demolishing every argument in favour of the immortality of the soul, 'could set in a fuller' light the infinite obligations which mankind have to divine revelation since we find that no other medium could ascertain the great and important truth.' The sentence is characteristic of Hume's writing at his best, where the pungency of the sense varies in direct proportion with the mildness of the expression. But such effects are banished from the *History*. A certain formality, which Hume doubtless supposed was required by the dignity of the subject, is interposed between the reader and the author; an almost completely latinized vocabulary makes vividness impossible; and a habit of *oratio obliqua* as a deadening effect. We shall never know exactly what Henry the Second said in some uncouth dialect of French or Eng-

lish—his final exasperation against Thomas of Canterbury; but it was certainly something about ‘a set of fools and cowards’, and ‘vengeance’, and an ‘upstart clerk’. Hume, however, preferred to describe the scene as follows:—

The King himself being vehemently agitated burst forth with an exclamation against his servants, whose want of zeal, he said, had so long left him exposed to the enterprises of that ungrateful and imperious prelate.

Such phrasing, in conjunction with the Middle Ages, is comic. The more modern centuries seem to provide a more appropriate field for urbanity, aloofness and common sense. The measured cynicism of Hume’s comments on Cromwell, for instance, still makes good reading—particularly as a corrective to the *O altitudo!* sentimentalities of Carlyle.

Soon after his completion of the *History* Hume went to Paris as the Secretary to the English Ambassador. He was now a celebrity, and French Society fell upon him with delirious delight. He was flattered by princes, worshipped by fine ladies, and treated as an oracle by the *Philosophes*. To such an extent did he become the fashion that it was at last positively *de rigueur* to have met him, and a lady who, it was discovered, had not even seen the great philosopher, was banished from Court. His appearance, so strangely out of keeping with mental agility, added to the fascination. ‘His face,’ wrote one of his friends, ‘was broad and flat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman than of a refined philosopher.’ All this was indeed delightful to the French. They loved to

watch the awkward affability of the uncouth figure, to listen in rapt attention to the extraordinary French accent, and when, one evening, at a party, the adorable man appeared in a charade as a sultan between two lovely ladies and could only say, as he struck his chest, over and over again, '*Eh bien, mesdemoiselles, eh bien, vous voilà, donc!*' their ecstasy reached its height. It seemed indeed almost impossible to believe in this combination of the outer and inner man. Even his own mother never got below the surface. 'Our Davie', she is reported to have said, 'is a fine good-natured cratur, but uncommon wakeminded.' In no sense whatever was this true. Hume was not only brilliant as an abstract thinker and a writer; he was no less competent in the practical affairs of life. In the absence of the Ambassador he was left in Paris for some months as *charge d' affairs*, and his despatches still exist to show that he understood diplomacy as well as ratiocination.

Entirely unmoved by the raptures of Paris, Hume returned to Edinburgh, at last a prosperous and wealthy man. For seven years he lived in his native capital, growing comfortably old amid leisure, books, and devoted friends. It is to this final period of his life that those pleasant legends belong which reveal the genial charm, the happy temperament, of the philosopher. There is the story of the tallow-chandler's wife, who arrived to deliver a monitory message from on high, but was diverted from her purpose by a tactful order for an enormous number of candles. There is the well-known tale of the weighty philosopher getting stuck in the boggy ground at the base of the Castle rock, and calling on a passing old woman to help him out. She doubted whether any help should be given to the author of the *Essay on Miracles*. 'But, my

good woman, does not your religion as a Christian teach you to do good, even to your enemies?' 'That may be,' was the reply, 'but ye shallna get out of that till ye be, come a Christian yersell; and repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Belief'—a feat that was accomplished with astonishing alacrity. And there is the vision of the mountainous metaphysician seated, amid a laughing party of young ladies, on a chair that was too weak for him, and suddenly subsiding to the ground.

In 1776, when Hume was sixty-five, an internal complaint, to which he had long been subject, completely undermined his health, and recovery became impossible. For many months he knew he was dying, but his mode of life remained unaltered, and, while he gradually grew weaker, his cheerfulness continued unabated. With ease, with gaiety, with the simplicity of perfect taste, he gently welcomed the inevitable. This wonderful equanimity lasted till the very end. There was no ostentation of stoicism, much less any Addisonian dotting of death-bed i's. Not long before he died he amused himself by writing his autobiography—a model of pointed brevity. In one of his last conversation—it was with Adam Smith—he composed an imaginary conversation between himself and Charon, after the manner of Lucian:—

'Have a little patience, good Charon. I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the Public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition. But Charon would then lose all temper and decency. 'You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy, loitering rogue.'

Within a few days of his death he wrote a brief letter to his old friend, the Comtesse de Boufflers, '. It was the final expression of a supreme detachment. ' My disorder,' he said, ' is a diarrhoea, or disorder in my bowels, which has been gradually undermining me these two years ; but within these six months, has been visibly hastening me to my end. I see death approach gradually, without anxiety or regret. I salute you, with great affection and regard, for the last time.

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IX. THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(Augustine Birrell)

[Augustine Birrell (1850—1933), was one of those statesmen of recent times who distinguished himself as a literary critic. In fact, he is better remembered today as the author of Obiter Dicta, More Obiter Dicta, Collected Essays, Et Cetera. These are the products of his shrewd literary acumen, brilliant wit, and great gusto. He is, indeed, a great literary enthusiast, who has done more than others to stimulate interest in the study of literature. He was less concerned with matters of technique and literary art, and more with the content and subject-matter of the authors in whom he took interest. The question he usually set before himself was, what has the author done for me? Does his book take me out of myself, or does it not? In brief, his method of approach to a book or an author was always subjective. Here, he is in the direct line of descent from Hazlitt, of whom he wrote a brilliant monograph in the English Men of Letters series.]



In our present study we are less interested in him as a literary critic and more as a parliamentarian and statesman. Birrell's first interest was law and politics. He went to the bar after his University education at Cambridge, and gradually obtained a good

practice: in 1893 he became Queen's Counsel, and he was professor of law at University College from 1896 to 1899.

In 1889 he was returned to Parliament for West Fife (Scotland), as a Liberal. In the House of Commons his light, but pointed humour led to the coining of a new word, "birrelling". He was defeated at North-East Manchester at the general election of 1900, but he re-entered Parliament in 1906 for a Bristol division. Thereafter he continued to remain in Parliament till the year 1918, when he retired finally from public life. During this last period he was often associated with the government as Minister, first, of education, and, then, of Irish affairs. Thus, he had long and close association with the highest representative assembly of England, viz., the House of Commons.

The present address was delivered in his constituency on October 15, 1896, in the early period of his membership of the House of Commons. It is a kind of prose Ode on this great institution. Commencing with the part played by politics and political leaders in the transactions of human society, he passes by easy transition to the great names of the previous century which had established the reputation of Parliament for ever. But the charm, the strength and the utility of the House of Commons do not depend upon its great names; rather on the primary instincts, the rooted habits of a mixed race of men and women, who, having been elected, represent the people at large.

Birrell distinguishes between the Scottish member of Parliament and the English member, which leads him into a historical disquisition on the association of Scotland with England to the advantage of the former from times past.

The third and last division of the address deals with the characteristics of the House of Commons: it is a deliberate

and consultative chamber, not merely framing laws but criticising the government: it is totally indifferent to outside reputations or great fortunes: it is a place of great good fellowship: it humbles the haughty and the proud and gives due praise to the lowly and meritorious: but it possesses a great deal of vanity and seems even to foster it: yet it is generous, and the Front Benchman can be frequently seen encouraging the Back Bencher: lastly it is a place which can fill one with ennui at times. Birrell concludes his address with the hope that instead of the House of Commons decaying or dying, it will become, in the future, more, representative in character by including workers in its representation, and thus more truly reflect the mind and will of the British people.

Applying the test of Birrell himself to the present address, we are right in concluding that it enables us to forget ourselves, filling us with enthusiasm for that most representative of British institutions, viz., the House of Commons.]

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A lecture delivered at the Cowdenbeath (Fifeshire) Literary Society on October 15: 1896.

There is a story told of an ancient dandy in London who, taking, one sunny afternoon, his accustomed stroll down Bond Street, met an acquaintance hurrying in the direction of Westminster. "Whither away so fast this hot day?" murmured the dandy. "To the House of Commons." cried his strenuous friend, brushing past him. "What said the dandy, with a yawn, " does that go on still?" "Yes; the House of Commons still goes, on still attracts an enormous, some think an inordinate, amount of public attention. What are called "politics" occupy in Great Britain a curiously prominent place. Literature, art, science, are avenues to a fame more enduring, more

agreeable, more personally attractive than that which awaits at the end of his career the once prominent party politician. Yet with us a party leader looms more largely in the public mind, excites more curiosity, than almost any other description of mortal. He often appears where he would not seem to have any particular business. If a bust is to be unveiled of a man of letters, if a public eulogium is to be pronounced on a man of science, if the health is to be proposed of a painter or an actor, or if some distinguished foreigner is to be feasted, the astute managers of the function, anxious to draw a crowd and to make the thing a success, try, in the first instance, at all events, to secure the presence of Mr. Balfour, or Lord Rosebery, or Lord Salisbury, or Mr. Chamberlain, rather than of Lord Kelvin or Mr. Leslie Stephen. The fact is that politicians, and particularly the heroes of the House of Commons, the gladiators of politics, share in the country some of the popularity which naturally belongs to famous jockeys, which once belonged to the heroes of the prize ring. It is more difficult to explain this than to understand it. Our party strife, our Parliamentary contests, have long presented many of the features of a sport. When Mr. Gladstone declared in the House of Commons, with an irresistible twinkle of the eye, that he was an "old Parliamentary hand", the House was convulsed with laughter, and the next morning the whole country chuckled with delight. We all liked to think that our leading statesman was not only full of enthusiasm and zeal, but also a wily old fellow who knew a thing or two better than his neighbours. I have always thought the instantaneous popularity of this remark of Mr. Gladstone's illustrates very well the curiously mixed feelings we entertain towards those great Parliamentary chieftains who have made their reputations on the

floor of the House of Commons. There is nothing noble or exalted in the history of the House of Commons. Indeed, a devil's advocate, had he the requisite talent, could easily deliver an oration as long and as eloquent as any of Burke's or Sheridan's, taking as his subject the stupidity, cowardice, and, untill quite recent times, the corruption of the House of Commons. I confess I cannot call to mind a single occasion in its long and remarkable history when the House of Commons, as a whole, played a part either obviously heroic or conspicuously wise; but we all of us can recall hundreds of occasions when, heroism and wisdom being greatly needed, the House of Commons exhibited either selfish indifference, crass ignorance, or the vulgarest passion. Nor can it honestly be said that our Parliamentary heroes have been the noblest of our race. Among great Ministers, Sir Robert Walpole had good sense; Lord North, a kind heart; the elder Pitt, a high spirit; his son, a lofty nature: Peel, a sense of duty; Lord John Russel, a dauntless courage; Disraeli, patience to wait; but for no one of these distinguished men is it possible to have any very warm personal regard. If you turn to men who have never been powerful Ministers, the language of eulogy is perhaps a little easier. Edmund Burke, alone of Parliamentary orators, lives on his speeches, full as they are of wisdom and humanity; through the too fierce argumentations of Charles James Fox, that great man with a marred career, there always glowed a furious something which warms my heart to its inner most depth. John Bright as a great Parliamentary figure, though many of his speeches lack a "gracious somewhat". Richard Cobden's oratory possessed one unique quality; It almost persuaded his political opponents that he was right and they were wrong. Among the many brilliant lawyers who have, like birds of passage, flitted through the House

of Commons, usually on their way to what they thought to be better things. I know but one of whom I could honestly say, "May my soul be with his" I refer to Sir Samuel Romilly, the very perfection in my eyes of a lawyer, a gentleman, and a member of Parliament, whose pure figure stands out in the frieze of our Parliamentary history like the figure of Appolo amongst a herd of satyrs and goats. And he, in a fit of depression, made an end of himself.

No, the charm—the undeniable charm; the strength—the unquestioned strength; the utility—of the House of Commons do not depend upon the nobility of the characters of either its leaders or its rank and file; nor on its insight into affairs—its capacity to read the science of the times, its moral force, still less its spiritual depth; but because it has always, somehow or other, both before Reform Bills and after Reform Bills, represented truthfully and forcefully, not the best sense of the wisest people, not the loftiest aspirations of the noblest people, but the primary instincts, the rooted habits of a mixed race of men and women destined in the strange providence of God to play a great part in the history of the world. A zealous philanthropy may well turn pale at the history of the House of Commons which, all through the eighteenth century, tolerated with fearful composure the infamies of the slave trade, the horrors of our gaols, the barbarity of our criminal code, the savagery of the press—gang, the heathenism of the multitude, the condition of things in our minds. The eager reformer must blush as he reads our Parliamentary representation—of rotten boroughs, of deserted villages with two members, and of Manchester with none. The financial purist must shudder as he studies the Civil List, and ponders over the pensions and sinecures which spread

corruption broadcast through the land. It is true enough, and yet the fact remains, that all this time the British nation was stumbling and groaning along the path which has floated the Union Jack in every quarter of the globe. I do not know that it can be said the House of Commons did much to assist the action of this drama; but, at all events, it did not succeed in frustrating it.

However, my object to-night is to say something about the House of Commons as it exists at present, and as it strikes the humble individual who has sat in it for seven years as your representative. Well, first of all I am a Scottish member, and as a Scottish member one's attitude to the House of Commons is not a little that of an outsider. Scotland has nothing to do with the early history of the English Parliament. Until 1797 you had a Parliament of your own, with Lords and Commons sitting all together cheek by jowl. A great economy of time, for as Andrew Fairservice in *Rob Roy* puts it, there was no need then for Lords and Commons to have their havers twice over. There is no need to be ashamed of the old Scots Parliament. It passed laws of unrivalled brevity and perfect intelligibility, a now lost art. Scotland owes more to its old Parliament than it yet does to the United Parliament. If you seek a record of its labours, you will find one in an essay penned sixty years ago by a Scotch Tory, the very man who wrote history of Europe in twenty volumes, to prove that heaven was always on the side of the Tories.

The old Scots Parliament met for the last time on March 25, 1707. Unions are never popular. The Union of England and Scotland was undoubtedly most unpopular. One member for Fifeshire voted for it, and two against it. I wonder which way I should have voted.

Cupar, Burntisland, Kinghorn, Dunfermline, Inverkeithing, and Queensferry voted Aye; but St. Andrews, Dysart, Kirkcaldy, Pittenweem, voted No. Then the first article of the Treaty for Union, which involved the rest, was carried by 116 votes against 83; and then, as Lord Seafield said, "there was the end of an auld sang;" but some day—who knows?—the auld sang may be set to a new tune. But this much is certain—the new tune will in no way affect the loyalty of Scotsmen to the Union of the two countries. But for that Union Scotland would not stand where she does in the eyes of the world. What Scotland wanted, what Scotland standing alone could never have had, was a theatre wide enough for the energy of her sons. A country so small, so barren, could never have supplied such a theatre. Scotsmen must have taken service abroad and spent their lives fighting other men's battles, or building up other men's fortunes. United with South Britain, she has been able to play a glorious part both at home and abroad, and this she has done without losing either her Scottish character or her Scottish accent. Still, the fact remains that the seventy-two members from Scotland preserve a character of their own among the 590 representatives from England, Wales, and Ireland. This must be so, Scotch law is very different from English law. We have in Scotland our own laws and our own judiciary. A Scotsman cannot be sued in an English court unless he has snapped with a writ whilst sojourning in that strange land. Scotland has her own religion for, though I am far from saying that traces of common Christianity may not be found lurking both in Presbyterianism and Episcopacy, still, speaking as a Parliament man, the religions of the two countries may be considered as distinct. In England, those who do not believe in the Divine authority of Episcopacy, who deny either the vali-

dity of the orders of the Episcopalian clergy or that there are such things as holy orders at all, who repudiate the Sacramentarian system, and hate the pretention of a priesthood, are engaged in a daily, bitter strife with the Church party, with which Scotland has as yet no concern. The educational system is different. Here you have universal School Boards, and pay an allegiance—sometimes real, sometimes formal—to a Catechism which, though often supposed to be the most Scotch thing in existence, was, as matter of fact, compiled in England by Englishman. In England School Boards are far from universal, and clerically conducted schools provide the education of half the school-going population. The Scottish system of local government is different in important respects from the English. For example, your Parish Councils administer the Poor Law; in England they do not. Your rating system is different. Here the rate is divided between the owner and the occupier; in England the occupier pays the whole rate. All these differences invite different treatment—there have to be English Bills and Scotch Bills; and though some Scotch members may honestly try to understand English Bills, I never knew an English member, unless he was by birth a Scotsman, who ever took, or pretended to take, the least trouble to understand a Scotch Bill. They vote if they have happen to be in the house while Scotch business is being discussed, but they vote as they are told by their party managers. It follows, as I say, from this that a Scotch member surveys the House of Commons somewhat as an outsider.

The great characteristic of the House of Commons is that it is a deliberative and consultative chamber, meeting together for the purposes of framing laws (if it considers any new laws necessary) which are to bind the whole

nation, and of criticising the Executive. It does not meet for the purpose of oratory, or to strengthen the party organisation, but to frame laws of universal obligation and to find fault with or support ministers. This at once gets rid of the platform orator, and establishes the difference between the Public meetings and the House of Commons. It is no discredit to the Public meeting or to the House of Commons to say that what will find favour with the one excites the disgust of the other for the two have little in common. The object of a speaker at a public meeting is to excite enthusiasm and to spread his faith but in the House of Commons his object is to remove objections, to state propositions in a way least likely to make reply easy, to show that a scheme is practicable and free from particular injustices, to handle figures with dexterity, and to avoid empty phraseology. There is nothing the House of Commons hates more than to be reminded of the purgatorial flames through which each member has had to pass in order to take his seat by the side of the speaker; and therefore it is that the utterance in all innocence, by some new member of either party of the cries and watchwords with which he was accustomed to enliven his electioneering speeches never fails to excite the angry growns of his opponents and the sarcastic smiles of his friends. Nor is there anything dishonest in this. There is time for all things and the House of Commons is before everything a deliberative and consultative assembly. Another marked characteristic of the House of Commons is its total indifference to outside reputations or great fortunes. Local magnets, manufacturers whose chimneys blacken a whole country side, merchants whose ships plough the broad and narrow seas, speculators in cotton and in sugar, mayors and provosts whose portraits adorn town halls, whose names are household words in their own

districts, lawyers so eminent that they will not open their mouths in the courts for less than a hundred guineas, need not hope to be received by the House of Commons otherwise than with languid indifference. If they prove to be bores, so much the worse; if they prove not to be bores so much the better. If they push themselves to the front, it will be by Parliamentary methods; if they remain insignificant, it is only what was to be expected. Never was an assembly so free from all taint of mercenariness as the House of Commons. It does not care a snap of its fingers whether the income of a new member is £100,000 a year or £3 a week—whether his father was a duke or a blacksmith; its only concern with him is that, if he has anything to say, he may say it, and that if he has nothing to say, he will say nothing.

The House of Commons is often said to be a place of great good-fellow-ship, within certain necessarily restricted limits it is. It is difficult to maintain aloofness. You may find yourself serving on a Committee alongside some one whose public utterances or party intrigues you have always regarded with aversion; but it may easily be that you agree with him, not, it may be; as to the Government of Ireland or the sacred principles of Free Trade, but as to the prudence or folly of a particular line of railway, or the necessity of a new water-supply for some large town. You hob-a-nob at luncheon, you grumble together over your dinner, you lament the spread of football clubs and brass bands in your respective constituencies; you criticise your leaders, and are soon quite at home in the society of the very man you thought you detested. There is nothing like a common topic to break the ice, and two members of Parliament have always something to talk about. But further than this it is hard to go. The House is too large. Amongst an assembly of 670 men.

well on in life the hand of Death is always busy. Vacancies occur with startling regularity. The only uncertainty is who is to drop out of the ranks. "Death of a Member of Parliament" is a common announcement on the playards of the evening papers; and then the thriftiest of Scotch members fumbles for his bawbee, buys the papers, stops under the next lamp-post to see who it is who has gone, whose figure will no more be seen in the Tea-room and the Lobby. Whoever it is, big man or little, a silent member or a talkative one, a wiseman or a fool, his place will soon be filled up, and his party whip will be heard moving for a new writ to issue for the Borough of Small-Talk in the place of Jeremiah Jones, deceased. "Poor Jones!" we all say;" not a bad fellow, Jones: I suppose Brown will get the seat this time."

I know no place where the great truth that no man is necessary is brought home to the mind so remorselessly, and yet so refreshingly, as the House of Commons. Over even the greatest reputations it closes with barely a bubble. And yet the vanity of politicians is enormous. Lord Melbourne, you will remember when asked his opinion of men, replied, with his accustomed expletive, which I omit as unfit for the polite ear of Cowdenbeath, "Good fellows, very good fellows; but vain, very vain."

There is a great deal of vanity, both expressive and concealed, in the House of Commons. I often wonder why, for I cannot imagine a place where men so habitually disregard each others feeling so openly trample on each others agotisms. You rise to address the house. The Speaker calls on you by name. You begin your speech. Hardly are you through with the first sentence when your oldest friend, your college chum, the man you have appointed guardian of your infant children, rises in his place,

gives you a stony stare, and, seizing his hat in his hand, ostentatiously walks out of the House, as much as to say, 'I can stand many things but not this.'

Whilst speaking in the House I have never failed to notice one man, at all events, who was paying me the compliment of the closest attention, who never took his eyes off me, who hung upon my words, on whom everything I was saying seemed to be making the greatest impression. In my early days I used to address myself to this man, and try my best to make my discourse worthy of his attention; but sad experience has taught me that this solitary auditor is not in the least interested either in me or in my speech, and that the only reason why he listens so intently and eyes me so closely is because he has made up his mind to follow me; and is eager to leap to his feet, in the hope of catching the Speaker's eye, the very moment I sit down. Yet, for all this, vanity thrives in the House though what it feeds on I cannot say. We are all anxious to exaggerate our own importance, and desperately anxious to make reputations for ourselves and to have our names associated with some subject—to pose as its patron and friend. On great Parliamentary nights these vanities, from which even our leaders are not wholly exempt, are very conspicuous. On such occasions the House of Commons has reminded me of a great drying-ground, where all the clothes of a neighbourhood may be seen fluttering in a gale of wind. There are night-gowns and shirts and petticoats so distended and distorted by the breeze as to seem the garments of a race of giants, rather than of poor mortal man; even the stockings of some slim maiden, when puffed out by the lawless wind, assume dropsical proportions. But the wind sinks, having done its task, and then the matter-of-fact washer-woman unpegs the gar-

ments, sprinkles them with water, and ruthlessly passes over them her flat-irons, and, lo and behold! these giant's robes are reduced to their familiar, domestic and insignificant proportions.

A marked characteristic of the House of Commons is its generosity. We have heard for too much lately of contending jealousies. The only thing the House is really jealous of is its own reputation. If a member, no matter who he is, or where he sits, or what he says, makes a good speech and creates a powerful impression, nobody is more delighted, more expansively and effusively delighted, than Sir William Harcourt. On such occasions he glows with generosity. And this is equally true of Mr. Balfour, and indeed of the whole House, which invariably welcomes talent and rejoices over growing reputations.

Members of Parliament may be divided into two classes—Front Bench men and Back Bench men. The former are those who fill or have filled posts in an Administration, and they sit either on the Government Bench or on the Front Opposition Bench. These personages enjoy certain privileges, and the most obvious of these privileges is that they speak with a table in front of them, whereby they are enabled cunningly to conceal their notes. Now, the private or Back Bench member has no place in which to conceal his notes, save his hat, a structure ill fitted for the purpose. Another of the privileges of a Front Bench man is that he has, or is supposed to have, a right of intervention in debate just when he chooses. This is an enormous advantage. Just consider the unhappy fate of a private member who is anxious to speak during an important debate. He prepares his speech, and comes down to the House with it concealed about his person. He bides his time; an excellent opportunity occurs; nobody has as

yet said what he is going to say: he rises in his place; but, alas: fifteen other members with fifteen other speeches in their pockets rise too, and the Speaker calls on one of them, and down falls our unhappy member, to wait another opportunity. This may happen frequently, and often does happen fifteen or sixteen times. He has to sit still and hear other men mangle his arguments, quote his quotations. Night follows night, and the speech remains undelivered, festering in his brain, polluting his mind. At last he gets his chance—the Speaker calls out his name; but by this time he has got sick of the subject—it has grown weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. He has lost his interest, and soon loses the thread of discourse; he flounders and flops, has recourse to his hat, repeats himself, grows hot and uncomfortable, forgets his best points, and finally sits down dejected, discouraged, disappointed. And all the time his wife is in the Ladies' Gallery gnashing her teeth at the poor figure he is cutting! No wonder he hates the Front Bench man. But there are gradations in the Front Bench. Between the leaders or the House, who bag all the best moments, and the humble Under Secretary or Civil Lord there is a great gulf fixed. These latter gentry are not allowed to speak at all, except on matters relating to their departments, or when they are told off to speak by the leader. Nothing is more amusing than to notice the entire eclipse of some notorious chatterbox who has been given some minor post in an Administration. Before he took office he was chirping on every bough; hardly a night passed but his sweet voice was to be heard. After he has taken office he frequently has to hold his tongue for a whole session. Poor fellow! he will sometimes button-hole you in the Lobby, and almost tearfully complain of the irksomeness of office, and tell you how he longs for the hour of emancipation, when once more his voice, like

that of the turtle, shall be heard in the land. If you gently remind him of the salary he draws, and hint that it may be some consolation even for silence, ten to one he walks away in a huff, and attributes your innocent remarks to jealousy. Between the Front Bench and the Back Bench there has always been a feud. Front Bench men of the first rank are too apt, so it is said, to regard the House of Commons as a show run for their benefit, to look upon themselves as a race of actor managers who arrange the play-bill, and divide all the best parts among themselves. The traditions of Parliament foster this ideas, But the Back Bench men are not always in the mood to submit to be for ever either the audience or the super-numeraries, and whenever they get the chance of asserting themselves against their leaders they take it. But in public they seldom get the chance, so they have to content themselves with being as disagreeable in private as they possibly can. What I think is a just complaint, frequently made by Back Benchers, relates to the habit Parliamentary leaders of late have greatly indulged in, of occupying an enormous amount of time abusing one another for past inconsistencies of conduct. These amenities, sometimes called *tu quoques*, or "You are another," are infinitely wearisome and proceed upon the mistaken assumption that the House of Commons greatly concerns itself with the political reputation of its leaders. It does nothing of the sort. What it wants is leaders who can make business go, who will show sport, and lead their hounds across a good line of country.

As a Back Benchman, the only real complaint I have to make is of the woeful waste of time. One goes down to the House every day—Saturdays and Wednesdays excepted—at 4 o'clock, and you are supposed to remain there till midnight. On Wednesdays the House meets at 12 and

adjourns at 5.30. What do we do all this time? To be interested in everything that is going on is flatly impossible. A quantity of the business is of a local character, dealing with places and schemes of which we know and can know nothing. Then there are terribly protracted debates on the second readings of Bills, occasionally interesting, but necessarily full of repetitions. I do not well see how this is to be prevented; but it is a shocking infliction. The Committee stage of a Bill you have really mastered is interesting and instructive, but even this stage is too protracted; and then comes a later stage—the report stage—when a great deal is said all over again; and even this is frequently followed by a debate on the third reading. Of course, you are not in the House all the time. There are the Library, the Tea-room, and the Smoking-room, where you may play chess and draughts, but no other game whatsoever. But nobody does anything vehemently. An air of languor pervades the whole place. Lustlessness abounds. Members stroll from one room to another, turn over the newspapers, and yawn in each others faces. In the summer months the Terrace by the riverside has been recently converted into a kind of watering-place. From five o'clock to seven it is crowded with fine ladies and country cousins, drinking tea and devouring straw berries. Occasionally some Parliamentary person of importance will choose to stalk by, and even—such is the affability of true greatness—have a cup of tea with a party of friends. A poorer way of killing time has not, I think, yet been discovered; but it is a convincing proof of the *ennui* of Parliamentary life.

The great problem of Ministers is the reform of the rules of the House of Commons—how to make the House at once a deliberative and yet a business-like assembly.

And yet men do not willingly strike off the chains of this slavery. A private member of Parliament nowadays gets nothing, neither pudding nor praise, in exchange for his time and his money. Patronage he has absolutely none—not a single place, even in the Post Office, to give away. Nor has he a single privilege that I am aware of. His routine duties on committees are onerous, nor are his opportunities of making speeches, if he wishes to do so, otherwise than few and far between. His leaders treat him with frigid civility, and nobody cares for a letter from him unless it encloses a postal order for at least ten shillings. And yet the labour of winning a seat and of retaining a seat is very great; nor is the expense insignificant.

When one thinks of all the different ways of spending £700, a Parliamentary election does not obviously strike you as being one of the most delightful. It may be said you have the opportunity of legislating on your own account. You may bring in a Bill of your own, and have the satisfaction of hearing it read a third time. Hardly is this true. In former days some of the most useful laws in the Statute Book were pioneered through the House by private members. But now, so greedy have Governments become, that they take nearly all the time available for legislative purposes, and, unless the private member gets the first place in the ballot, he has not a chance of carrying any measure through if it excites the least opposition. But when all is said and done, the House of Commons is a fascinating place. It has one great passion; one genuine feeling, and that is, to represent and give practical expression to the mind of the whole nation. It has no prejudices in this matter, for it has no existence independent of its creators. It has nothing to do with the choice of its component parts. The constituencies may send up whom

they choose, but these persons, when they do come up, must not expect to be hailed as "Saviours of Society." No; they must be content to be parts of a whole, to give and take, to hear their pet creeds, faiths, and fancies rudely questioned, tested, and weighed. A great nation will never consent to be dominated either by a sect or by an interest. And yet, if the House of Commons has a leaning to any particular class of member—which by rights it ought not to have—it is for an increased direct representation of the wage-earning community. I hope such representatives may be forthcoming in greater numbers as time goes on. But if they are to do any good in the House of Commons, they must go there, not as conquering heroes to whom the unknown future belongs, but as Britons anxious to contribute out of their special knowledge, from their hived experience, to the collective wisdom of the nation; they must be willing to learn as well as to teach, to increase the stock of their information, to acknowledge mistakes, to widen their views; and, above all they must recognise that the mighty river of our national existence, if it is to continue to flow as triumphantly as before, must continue to be fed by many tributary streams.

There are, I know, those who affect to believe that representative assemblies do not stand where they did, and that the day of their doom is not far distant. I see no reason to believe anything of the kind, for, scan the horizon as you may, you cannot discover what there is to take their place. We have no mind for military despotisms, even if we had a military hero. Nor are we disposed to believe in the superior wisdom of that so-called statesmanship which is manufactured in Government offices. Better by far the occasional mistakes of a free people and

a popular assembly than the deadly and persistent errors of diplomatists and hereditary statesmen. The House of Commons will, I cannot doubt, be still going on when the twentieth century breathes its last. Change it will know, and reform; but, founded as it is upon a rational and manly system of representation, why should it not always continue to reflect, cautiously but truthfully, the mind and will of the British people?

X. THE ILLYRIANS.

(J. B. Priestley)

[John Boynton Priestley, M.A., LL. D., D. Litt., the most popular among present day men-of-letters was born in 1894. He is the son of a school-master. He received his education at the Cambridge University, and immediately settled down to the profession of letters, After undergoing an apprenticeship in reviewing, and contributing a series of miscellaneous essays to the newspapers and magazines, he made his debut in literature as a novelist, in the spacious, numerous, picaresque style familiarised by Dickens. He soon turned to playwriting, and to literary criticism. He is the author of some remarkable volumes of autobiography, and whatever he wrote he wrote with ease, with an utter absence of effort, with sympathy and with the characteristic English sense of humour.]



The present essay is taken from his study of some of the "English Comic Characters." It deals with humorous characters of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. It is a shrewd analysis of what constitutes the humor of such characters as Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Feste and the Clown, and Priestley advances reasons why in this rollicking Olivia cannot find a place. It would be proper for the student to read the play in the original, both before and after his study of the essay, for then he would be able to appreciate better the

peculiar quality of the humour of Shakespeare, which is also the humour of the English. Hazlitt's description of what English humour is in his "Merry England" would be a helpful introduction to this essay.]

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If you take ship from the coast of Bohemia—having made your last bow to Perdita and Florizel--and sail for a day in a westerly direction, you will presently arrive at Illyria. There you will find the love-sick melancholy Duke, seated among his musicians, polishing his images and doting upon the "high fantastical"; and go but a little way out of the city and you will come upon the stately Countess Olivia among her clipped box-trees pacing the lawns like some great white peacock, while her steward Malvolio, lean, frowning, and cross-gartered, bends at her elbow. There too, if you are lucky, you may catch a glimpse of the rubious-lipped lovely Viola, stretching her slim legs and swinging her pert page's cloak between the Duke's palace and Olivia's house, delicately breathing blank verse. And if there should come to your ears the sound of drunken catches, and to your nose the smell of burnt sack and pickled herrings, then look for Olivia's uncle, Sir Toby Belch, and his friend, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and with them, it may be, that dainty rogue, Maria, darting about like some little black and white bird, and Feste the Clown, with his sharp tongue, bright eyes and strange bitter-sweet songs. In and out of doors; there is good company in Illyria, good company whether it is high or low, sober or drunk.

Our present inquiry takes us into the society of the low, the drunken and disreputable company, the comic Illyrians. (It is difficult even to sound the name and remain sober.) Whether Malvolia, who was himself

neither drunken nor disreputable but essentially a "grave liver", should have place in the company is a very debatable question. Most of the comic scenes in the play revolve around him, and it is his antics, his sudden rise and his awful collapse, that form the basis of most of the broader comedy of the piece; his self-love and swelling vanity, which make him an easy butt for Maria and her grinning troupe, his gravity and pompous airs, are all served up, without mercy, for our entertainment. Yet Malvolio, strictly speaking, is not as comic tradition. Although Shakespeare gives some of his speeches a most delicious flavour of absurdity, he does not treat Malvolio as he treats his purely comic figures, whom he regards not merely with a humourous tolerance but with positive delight and relish, encouraging them, as it were, to indulge their every whim. The difference between, let us say, Malvolio and Sir Andrew Aguecheek is that Shakespeare handles the one and dandles the other. Sir Andrew is really a much more contemptible figure than the serious and capable steward, but then he is so manifestly ridiculous that he evades criticism altogether, escapes into a world of his own, where every fresh piece of absurdity he commits only brings him another round of laughter and applause. Times change, and we are more likely to regard Malvolio with some measure of sympathy than was Shakespeare; indeed, in spite of his vanity, to us he is a figure not untouched by pathos, for the possibility of Olivia falling in love with him (and she admits his value as an employee) appears to us not entirely preposterous; nor do his portentous gravity and puritanical airs seem to us so offensive, now that our Sir Tobies have been steadily rebuked in the manner of Malvolio for at least two generations. Sir Toby's famous reply—"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be more cakes and

ale?"—cuts the ground from under the feet of a very large number of energetic fellow-citizens, whose apparent business it is, Malvolio-like, to attend to our private affairs and superintend our morals; and Sir Toby was fortunate in being able to make such a rejoinder without being suppressed. Malvolio, we may say, has been steadily coming into his own for a long time, so that it is difficult for us to regard him as an unpleasant oddity as Shakespeare did. And perhaps it says something for our charity that, sitting as we are among ever-diminishing supplies of cakes and ale, we can still see something pathetic in this figure.

Shakespeare's sympathies were so wide and his dramatic genius so universal that it is always dangerous to give him a point of view and dower him with various likes and dislikes. Nevertheless it is true to say that certain types of character very clearly aroused his dislike; and it is also true to say that these are the very types of character that appear to have some fascination for our world. In short, his villains are rapidly becoming our heroes. Thus, Shakespeare clearly detested all hard, unsympathetic, intolerant persons, the over-ambitious and overweening, the climbers and careerists, the "get on or get out" of this world. When the will and the intellect in all their pride were divorced from tolerance, charity, a love of the good things of this world, they formed the stuff out of which the Shakespearean villains were made. But the Bústard and Ioga and Richard the Third are the very characters that some of our modern dramatists would select to adorn three acts of hero-worship. So too, to come down the scale, our friend Malvolio, the pushing Puritan, is, under various disguises the hero of almost one-half of all the American novels that were ever written. Shakespeare, looking steadily at Malvolio with his

self-love ("O, you are sick of self-love," cries Olivia to him) and his intolerance, contrives that he shall be covered with ridicule, but never regards him as a comic figure. In spite of his absurdities there are fermenting in him too many of those qualities that Shakespeare detested for him to be a figure of fun. While this conceited and over-ambitious steward struts cross-gartered on the lawn for our entertainment, there flutters across his path, for one fleeting moment, the terrible shadow of that other ambitious underling, Iago. So Malvolio is deceived, abused, locked up and treated as a madman for a short space, and this is his purgation, for Shakespeare saw that his soul was in danger and so appointed for him two angels of deliverance, namely Maria and Sir Toby Belch.

In the very first speech that Sir Toby makes, when we discover him talking with Maria, he remarks that "care's an enemy to life," and this we may take to be his philosophy. His time is spent in putting a multitude of things, oceans of burnt sack, mountains of pickled herrings, between himself and the enemy, Care; and he may be shortly described as a Falstaff without genius, who would have made the fat knight a very able lieutenant. Undoubtedly, he is a very idle and drunken old rip, who forgets his position, which, as the uncle of the Countess, is considerable, his years and his manners, and passes all his time in low company in the society of his inferiors, either because, like Maria, his niece's chambermaid, they devise entertainment for him, or because, like Sir Andrew, they serve as butts and cats-paws. But notwithstanding his devotion to sherris sack—and it is doubtful if we ever see him sober—unlike Falstaff, Sir Toby does not live altogether in an ideal comic world of ease and merriment; by much drinking of healths and singing of catches and fool-baiting

and with the assistance of a kind of rough philosophy, a tap-room epicureanism, he certainly tries to live in such a world; but common sense and a knowledge of this world's uses keep breaking in from time to time. In spite of his idleness and love of mischief, he is shrewd enough on occasion. Thus, he does not propose to deliver Sir Andrew's ridiculous challenge to the supposed Cesario, because, he declared, "the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant will breed no terror in the youth—he will find it comes from a clodpole". He is in no doubt as to the capacity of his admiring dupe, Sir Andrew, who is only encouraged to remain as the suitor of Olivia in order that Toby may amuse himself and mulct the foolish knight of his ducats. His apparently innocent defence of Sir Andrew in the opening dialogue with Maria ("He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria"—and the rest) is, of course, mere impudence, one wag winking at another. Then later, when the confusion between Viola and her brother complicates the action, Sir Toby changes his mind about Cesario, as he has a right to do on the evidence before him, and remarks: "A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him.....". And he it is who has the wit to see that the joke against Malvolio has gone far enough—"I would we were well rid of this knavery". Although he vastly enjoys stirring up unnecessary strife and egging on two apparent cowards to fight one another, he shows no reluctance to taking part in any quarrel himself and is certainly no coward. When he himself is hurt, it will be remembered, he makes no complaint ("That's all one: 'has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst-

see Dick surgeon, sot ?"), and though this stoicism simply covers a fear of being ridiculed, it does argue a stout nature.

Sir Toby, then, is by no means a simpleton. Nor is he, on the other hand, a comic genius like Falstaff, whose world has been transformed into an ideally comic world, whose whole life, whose every speech and action, are devised to further ease, enjoyment, and laughter. Sir Toby, in his own coarse, swashbuckling manner, is witty, but he is not the cause of wit in other men. He does not transform himself into an object of mirth, content so long as men are laughing and the comic spirit is abroad, but, like any bullying wag of the tap-room, looks for a butt in the company. He is really nothing more than an elderly schoolboy with a prodigious thirst and far too much spare time on his hands: the type is not uncommon. Having a more than usual amount of energy, both of brain and body and no serious powers of application and no sensible objects upon which to expend such energy, his one problem is how to pass the time pleasantly. As he happens to have his existence in a romantic and idyllic world of love and deliriance and fine phrases that offers no employment to a robust and prosaic middle-aged gentleman, and as he, unlike our country squires and retired majors, cannot turn to golf and bridge, there is nothing for it but cakes and ale, the roaring of a catches, verbal bouts with the chambermaid and the clown, and mischievous antics played at the expense of such creatures as Malvolio and Sir Andrew. Men so situated always seek out low company and are never at ease among their equals. But once among his cronies, Toby enjoys himself with such rollicking abandon that he communicates his enjoyment to us, so that we would not for the world have him

different. There is about this drunken, staggering, swaggering, roaring knight, such a ripeness and gusto that his humours are infectious, and once we are in his riotous company decency and order seem intrusive and positively ill-natured. He has leave to keep us out of bed all night, and we would not stint him of a drop of sack or a single pickled herring. Falstaff apart, there never was a better bear-leader of a fool. With what a luxury of enjoyment he draws out and displays to us the idiocies of the guileless Sir Andrew :

SIR ANDREW. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world ; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TOBY. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight ?

SIR ANDREW. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters ; and yet I will not compare with a nobleman.

SIR TOBY. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight.

SIR ANDREW. Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TOBY. And I can cut the mutton to't.

SIR ANDREW. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY. Wherefore are these things hid ? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em ? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture ? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto ? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean ? Is it a world to hide virtues in ? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

SIR ANDREW. Ay, 'tis strong and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY. What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

SIR ANDREW. Taurus! that's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper,.....

Once in his cups, how magnificently he overrides mere precision in speech and common sense and rises into a poetical kind of nonsense of his own: "To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?" With what gusto does he enter into the matter of the duel between Sir Andrew and the disguised Viola, alternately breathing fire into them and then damping it with a report to each one of the other's fury and prowess. He bustles from one to the other in a very ecstasy of pleasure. Sir Andrew, he tells Fabian, "if he were open'd, as you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy"—a remark worthy of Falstaff himself—Sir Andrew is not anxious to fight, but Toby fans his few smouldering embers of courage into a blaze and compels him to send a challenge:

Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England.

set'em down : go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink ; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter : about it.

Then gives him some further encouragement when the challenge is written :

Go, Sir Andrew ; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailly : so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw ; and, so thou drawest, swear horrible ; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away !

We can almost hear Toby smacking his lips over the vision of Sir Andrew letting fly a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off. Then, with an ever-increasing relish for a situation and with his images swelling at every fresh turn of the farce, Sir Toby confronts Viola with a tale of her incensed opponent awaiting her, " bloody as a hunter," " a devil in private brawl : souls and bodies hath he divorced three ; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre : hobnob is his word ; give't or take it. . . . "—a terrifying picture. Back again he goes to Sir Andrew, now to daup the knight's faint ardour with an equally terrifying account of his adversary : " Why, man," roars the mischievous old toper, " he's a very devil ; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable ; and, on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy." " Pox on't," cries the startled Sir Andrew, out of his simplicity, " I'll not

meddle with him". But there is no escape for him, even though he should part with his horse as the price of that escape. It is only the unexpected entry of Antonio that robs us of the climax and, possibly, Sir Toby of the horse, but the artful and mischievous knight, who has known something of the satisfaction of those lesser gods who prompt our tyrants and prophets and further our wars and revolutions to pass pleasantly their idle actions, has had his fun. He has contrived a tale that, with humorous embellishment, will keep any company uproarious between one round of sack and next, between chorus and chorus.

But if we have enjoyed Sir Toby's antics so much that we have no desire for his immediate amendment, we must leave him with some misgiving, for at the conclusion of the piece we plainly see that those very gods of mischief whom he has emulated in this affair of the duel have now selected him as the victim of their sport. They who have allowed him to season his sack with so many herrings in pickle have now devised for him a rod in pickle. This is nothing less than his marriage with Maria, of which we learn from Fabian's explanation of the joke against Malvolio at the end of the play. We are told: "Maria writ the letter at *Sir Toby's* great importance (i.e. inopportunity—though this is not strictly true); in recompense where he hath married her". Alas:—poor Toby. We had seen the possibility of such an alliance throughout the play, indeed, scene after scene had shown us Toby edging nearer and nearer to his doom. We had heard him declare "she's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me," in all his fateful masculine complacency. When the Malvolio jest was at its intoxicating height, we had heard him shower compliments on the artful little soubrette, "Excellent wench" and the rest, had caught him declaring to Sir Andrew and

Fabian, in the ecstasy of his enjoyment, "I could marry this wench for this device, and ask no other dowry with her but such another jest." We have heard him cry to her, "Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?" and "shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bondsman?" Yet, with the sound of such dangerous speeches, verbal gun-cotton, still ringing in our ears, we had thought that the old fox might yet sniff the air, scent danger and then bolt for freedom. But no, he has walked into the trap. He has been snared, like many another man, not only by a woman but by his own philosophy. "Care's an enemy to life" he has told himself, and with so much idleness on his hands, with so rich an appreciation of japes and jests, with so great a capacity for mischief and the staging of whims, what could be better than an alliance with Maria, who has proved herself the very queen of humorous strategy, a "most excellent devil of wit," and a most generous purveyor of cakes and ale? Alas!—had this been any other man's reasoning, he would have seen the folly of it. As it is, he marries, so that the perfect life of comic ease and merriment that he is always attempting to build up may have another prop, and does not realise that he is simply bringing it all down in one awful crash. Who doubts for a moment that what Olivia, with her stately displeasure, could not do, Maria, the erstwhile accomplice and fellow mischief-maker, but now the wife, will accomplish within a very short space; that Maria the chambermaid, with a comically sympathetic view of sack, catches, and late hours, is one thing, and Maria the wife, with a husband to reform, is another; that the very wit that could devise such unseemly jests will henceforward be occupied, not in devising others, but in schemes, equally efficacious, for preventing husband Toby from reaching that large freedom he hitherto enjoyed? As a last bulwark

against care, he has taken Maria to wife, and now, without a doubt, the old freedom has vanished and care is about to return in an undreamed-of measure. Toby's philosophy has undone him, and he falls; but he falls like a great man. We have caught his days at their highest point; nevermore shall we see him, free, spacious, as rich and ripe as a late plum, all Illyria his tavern, a prince of gusto, good living, and most admirable fooling; from now on he will dwindle, take on a cramped and secretive air, and lose his confidence and zest, for now he will always be discovered, his Maria's reproaches still shrilling in his ear, a cup too low.

Of one of Sir Toby's boon companions, Feste the Clown, there is little to be said. Viola, after a bout of wit with him, sums up the matter admirably:

This fellow's wise enough to play the Fool:
 And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
 The quality of persons, and the time;
 Not, like the haggard, check at every feather
 That comes before his eyes. This is a practice
 As full of labour as a wise man's art:
 For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
 But wise men's folly, shown, quite taints their wit:

This is an accurate description of Feste's own practice; for as he lounges in and out of the scene, it will be noticed that always he plays up to his company. He is a professional entertainer and gives his audience what he knows will please them. The love-sick Duke feeds upon melancholy, and so to him Feste sings "old and antique" songs and takes delight in his art, but as soon as he has finished the last note of *Come away, dear*, like the brisk professional he is, he himself shows no trace of melancholy or of any

emotion, but is his usual self in a moment, detached, observant, critical, taking his leave with a sly dig at the Duke's melancholy and inconstancy. With the other serious characters, he acts the professional fool, but always with a certain reserve and dignity and always with one eye upon the main chance, conjuring another coin into his hand with an ingratiating witticism. Malvolio he really dislikes because the proud and puritanical steward has a contempt for both him and his office (a contempt that Shakespeare himself had probably met with in some Malvolios of his acquaintance), and so he does not scruple to play Malvolio the cruellest trick of all by pretending to be Sir Topas the parson. With Sir Toby and Maria, Feste appears at his ease and, as it were, with his wit unbuttoned, bandying broad jests with them; while for the delectation of Sir Andrew, a great admirer of his, he utters the first nonsense that comes into his head. Indeed, in this company of boon companions and midnight caterwaulers, his humour is all for wild nonsense of a Rabelaisian cast. Such ridiculous speeches as "I did impetico thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock; my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale-houses" cast a spell over the rural wits of Sir Andrew, who pronounces it to be "the best fooling, when all is done." (There is apparently a lower level of intelligence and humour apparently than Sir Andrew's; it is to be found in those commentators who have pored for hours over these nonsensical speeches of the Clown's and have then complained that they could make little of them.) And though we may not agree that this "is the best fooling, when all is done," most of us have regretted that we were not present at the previous meeting of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown, when, according to Sir Andrew, the Clown was in very gracious fooling and

spoke of Pigrogromitus and of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quenbus. Perhaps this is one of the delights that Heaven has in store for us, or for those of us who are only fit for a Heaven slightly damaged and humanised. Wind and rain outside; indoors a clear fire and a few tall candles, with sack in plenty; Sir Toby, straddling and with nose aglow, on one side; Sir Andrew gaping on the other; and the Clown before us, nodding and winking through his account of Pigrogromitus and the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quenbus; the whole to be concluded by the catch of *hold thy peace, thou knave*, with the possibility of being interrupted at any moment by a Malvolio in his nightshirt—here is a hint for the commander of the starry revels.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek is one of Shakespeare's family of simpletons: he is first cousin to Slender and Silence. Life pulses so faintly in this lank-haired, timid, rustic squire that he is within a stride of utter imbecility. He is really the very opposite of Sir Toby, who is for ever in mischief simply because he has more energy and brains than he knows what to do with, being without any serious purpose, whereas Sir Andrew follows Toby into mischief simply because he is deficient in both energy and brains and for ever takes the line of least resistance. Without a shred of either self-respect or self-confidence, without volition, courage or sense, he is any man's prey, a toy-balloon blown hither and thither by the slightest breeze. His social standing and wealth are just sufficient to leave him independent of any occupation or control, a free agent but being what he is, it means that they are just sufficient to leave him at the mercy of the first rascal he meets. At first sight, it seems astonishing that a comic character of any dimensions could possibly be created out of such

materials, and indeed, only a great genius could have taken these few straws and made of them a creature whose every odd remark and quaint caper is a delight. But it is Sir Andrew's amazing simplicity, his almost pathetic naivety, his absolute lack of guile, that make him so richly absurd. And with these there goes a certain very characteristic quality, the unanalysable factor, that is present in every remark he makes; every speech has a certain Aguecheek flavour or smack that is unmistakable; even as we read we can hear the bleating of his plaintive little voice. His best trait is one that he shares with every simpleton, and that is a childlike capacity for enjoyment, which is really born of a sense of wonder, the ability to marvel at and relish the commonest things, to seek the world innocently and freshly, a sense that withers among brighter wits and natures richer in experience but blooms for ever with the extremes of humankind, the utter simpletons and the great geniuses. Sir Andrew has this capacity, and it entitles him to a place at the revels. In spite of his starts and frights, his loss of two thousand ducats and his broken head, it is clear that he has enjoyed himself hugely in the company of his admired Sir Toby, and that he will return to his distant estate bubbling with a confused tale of strange happenings and great personage that will be meat and drink to him for years. It is true that he has been everybody's butt, but then he does not know it; he is happily protected from all such discoveries and will be all his life; so that he might almost be said to have the best of the laugh, for whereas the others are living in this world, he is still dwelling in Eden.

There are a thousand things that could be said of this simple creature, for there is probably no better text than a fool, but one particular aspect of him invites our attention.

What really tickles us about Sir Andrew, over and above the unanalysable drollery of his speeches, is not what he thinks and feels but the fact that he should not be able to conceal what he thinks and feels. There is somewhere at the back of all our minds a little Sir Andrew Aguecheek, giggling and gaping, now strutting and now cowering, pluming himself monstrosly at one word and being hurled into a fit of depression by the next; but most of us contrive to keep this little fellow and his antics carefully hidden from sight for the sake of decency and our own self-respect. Some of Sir Andrew's ingenuous remarks have the same effect, or should have the same effect, upon us as the sight of a monkey, which presents us with a parody of human life that is highly diverting but that leaves us somewhat shame-faced: after seeing so many things done openly that we ourselves do in secret, we blush, partly for the monkey that it should make a public show of itself, and partly for ourselves who have so much that is better concealed. The mind of Sir Andrew, such as it is, is as plain to sight as the dial of the parish clock. Almost every remark he makes, innocently revealing as it does, the ebb and flow of his poor self-esteem, is not only a piece of self-revelation but also a revelation of all our species: this zany, naked to our sight, is uncovering the nakedness of statesmen and philosophers, popes and emperors. How delicious in its candour is his reply to Sir Toby's bantering charge of being "put down": "Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit". How swiftly following the thought that he may be no better than the ordinary in some particular comes the possible explanation, the eating of beef, to raise the phoenix of his vanity again from its ashes. He remains, at some charge to his purse, with Sir Toby as a suitor to

Olivia ; and yet it is clear that the whole idea in Sir Toby's, for Olivia plainly does not favour Sir Andrew, and he knows it, nor does he himself feel any passion for the lady: he has simply allowed himself to be persuaded, caught in in the web of Sir Toby's imagination and rhetoric. How swiftly too his vanity plumes itself again at Sir Toby's artful prompting in the matter of his accomplishments ; he can cut a caper, he tells us with a delicious affectation of detachment, and thinks he has the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

In the matter of scholarship, which most gentlemen of his time affected, his simplicity and candour are nothing less than wholesome and refreshing. When Sir Toby declares that "not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes"—and then, plunging into the depths of his learning, brings forth an adage from Lily's grammar—"And *diliculo surgere*, thou know'st"—Sir Andrew provides us with the rare spectacle of a man acting honestly in the face of a classical quotation, by replying: "Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late is to be up late". So too when Sir Toby asks if our life does not consist of the four elements, he replies, indifferently, "Faith, so they say ; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking"—a notable answer. Again, when the Clown asks whether they will have a love song or a song of good life, and Sir Toby decides for the former, Sir Andrew speaks for all the novel-readers of our circulating libraries but with more sincerity than they can ever muster when he adds: "Ay, ay: I care not for good life". Most excellent too is his critical observation in reply to the Clown's remark that the knight, Sir Toby, is "in admirable fooling": "Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too : he does it with better grace, but I do it more natural". And what

could be more revealing than his cry at the indignation meeting after the visit of Malvolio? Maria has said that the steward is sometimes a kind of Puritan. "O!" cries Sir Andrew, "If I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog". When pressed for his exquisite reason; he confesses to having none: indeed, he has no reason at all, but the excitement of the occasion has heated his poor wits, and he wishes to make some full-blooded declaration and stand well with the company, like our Sir Andrews who sit in their clubs and tell one another they would "shoot 'em down". How pathetically he echoes Sir Toby. Even when the latter remarks that Maria adores him, Sir Andrew, not to be left out, instantly lights a pitiful rush-light of amatory remembrance: "I was adored once". Yes, he, Sir Andrew, was adored once: it is not true, but for the moment he thinks it is, and so contrives to take his place among the swaggering fellows, alongside Sir Toby. And perhaps best of all, the very sweet distillation of ingenuousness, is his whisper in the shrubbery when Malvolio, having read the letter, is rehearsing his part as the Countess's husband. As soon as mention is made of "a foolish knight", Sir Andrew is in no doubt as to the person—"That's me, I warrant you". And when his guess is confirmed by the actual sound of his name, he is almost triumphant—"I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool", a remark that smacks more of complacency than resignation, as if to be known as a fool did at least single him out for some notice. And how revealing, too, is his conduct during the duel episode. He has been told that Olivia has only shown favour to Cesario in order that her more backward 'suitor, the knight, should be encouraged to accost: he must redeem his credit either by valour or by policy; and so he declares for valour, for policy he hates. And so

he sends a challenge that, notwithstanding his complacent view of its "vinegar and pepper", deserves a prominent place in any collection of diplomatic documents:

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't. Thou comest to the lady Olivia and in my sight she uses thee kindly: But thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for. I will waylay thee going home: where if it be thy chance to kill me, thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain. Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls; he may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek.

Never, in the whole history of the duello, was such good citizenship exhibited in a challenge. And when Sir Andrew learns that his adversary has been fencer to the Sophy and is a fire-eater, he is swift to declare that he will not meddle with him, and that had he known that the fellow had been so valiant and so cunning in fence he would have seen him damned before he would have challenged him. And, of course, Sir Andrew is only talking sense: it would have served the fellow right not to have been challenged. Later, when he has struck Sebastian and has received a pummelling in exchange, he tells Sir Toby to let Sebastian alone: "I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that". No matter at all: he feels, as we all do, that the law is on his side. Our last glimpse of him is somewhat moving, for he has a broken head, received in the company of Sir Toby, who has himself been given "a bloody coxcomb," but nevertheless his admiration and faith are un-

diminished : had Sir Toby not been in drink, he tells the company, things would have fallen out very differently ; and at the last, he cries : "I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together". But his idol turns and rends him, calling him an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull. These are hard sayings, but not too hard for Sir Andrew to swallow and perhaps they made their peace together afterwards. If not, we can only hope that our simpleton went on his travels and somehow in the end contrived to find his way into Gloucester and into the orchard of Justice Shallow, for there he would find company after his own heart, the great Shallow himself and Silence and Slender, and take his place among such boon companions, seat himself at the pippins and cheese and try to disengage from his tangled mind such confused memories as remained there of Illyria and the roystering Illyrians, his foolish face aglow beneath the unfading apple blossom.

XI. TAGORE, GANDHI AND NATIONALISM.

(Sir C. R. Reddy).

[Dr. Sir C. Ramalinga Reddy, the Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University, needs no introduction as a writer. Yet a



few words may be necessary to point out his outstanding virtues as they are revealed in the present extract from "The Golden Book of Tagore." One of the finest products of our culture, his education in England and his foreign travels have enabled him to synthesize whatever is best in both the East and the West. The

fruit of this is evident in his outlook on all problems that affect our country. A comparative study of the philosophies of the world has convinced him that the East, especially India, has a message to deliver to the world, in spite of her age-long serfdom, her poverty and her sufferings. Thus he lags no inch on behind the loud-mouthed patriot whose sentimental laudations of the glory that was India strike high in vain.

His chief forte is his reasonableness. Not swayed by blind sentiment or mere prejudice, he examines every problem from all sides, and arrives at conclusions which are equitable and just. He speaks firmly convinced of the soundness of his arguments and carries conviction to his audience or to his reader. It is very well illustrated in the present essay.

He begins with Tagore as the prophet of Indian Nationalism, and briefly sketches his progress to becoming the Apostle of Internationalism or Humanity. Tagore's ideal was far from being visionary, for, his hope of the world becoming a vast community of brethren, toiling for one another, and helping themselves and others in peace and amity, was realised in however feeble and tentative a form, in the League of Nations.

Gandhian Nationalism with its insistence on Truth and Non-violence is only an organised form of Tagorism. India must be free not for selfish aggrandisement, but to spread, by her own example, the gospel of love throughout the world. But the Gandhian doctrine involves a return to the simple asceticism of the remote past, which is well-nigh impossible in this age of mechanised progress. Soviet Russia has set the example to the world of how to reconcile equity to the masses with the complexities of modern civilisation, and it may well be a true answer to Gandhian prayers.]

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Years ago I happened to be a guest at a dinner given by some university men in New York, and the conversation turned on the political servitude of India. I argued that the crucifixion of India's political body had enabled her to discover and develop her soul and evidenced Tagore's *Gitanjali* as proof, to which a professor of philosophy retorted :— 'That means I have got a sensation because somebody has given me a knock on the head and I gladly resign myself to foreign knocks because of the sensations they evoke'. I replied that the natural gift of Negroes (and our untouchables) for music was probably due to their sufferings, and quoted : 'Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought'. Jesus Christ was a man of sorrows and a nation of sorrows may yet be the source of a gospel

of international salvation. It was a few days after this dinner that the award of the Nobel Prize for Literature to Rabindranath Tagore was announced, and I triumphantly pointed to it as a startling justification of my contention.

About the year 1908, the chief vogue of Tagore in the Andhra Desa was as the stirring laureate of Indian nationalism. The country can never forget the way in which he inspired and roused us to active patriotism. But the call of the universal was to his sensitive soul a living command; he has since then progressed from Nationalism to Humanity, subordinating all particularisms to the higher Absolute Values, without however impugning their relative and temporary validity. This phase marks his highest reach as poet and seer and has revolutionised the spirit and tone of the best modern Andhra Poetry.

Tagore's powerful condemnation of the state as a soulless machine and the patriotism that grounds itself on 'My country right or wrong' to the negation of moral ideals, has stirred the conscience of the world, horrified as its own terrible doings in the Great War. His call to regulate life on the principle of humanity has been taken up by Romain Rolland and other western thinkers. But the subject nations of the East have not found much consolation in that doctrine, since obviously it is only the imperialist nations that could take the initiative and illustrate the new direction. Japan, ever fearful that the fate of the other Oriental nations may yet befall her, and China struggling fitfully for nationhood have derived it as the philosophy of defeatism. India with her longing for freedom, still feeble and ineffective, has not been able to accept this dispensation. 'Religion is not for empty bellies', said the divine Ramakrishna Paramahansa. In similar wise humanitarian ardour is not for slaves, nor inter-

nationalism for those who are no nation. The higher should be a synthesis or federation of nationalities and if race and colour barriers are in process of time dissolved, there may be a growth into world-state through absorption and assimilation.

But have not the Imperialist Powers made a hopeful response to this ideal of human federation? I think they have. The League of Nations is the embodiment, in however feeble and tentative a form, of this higher spirit of international co-operation. The oldest of the races, India, through the intuition of her imaginative genius, Tagore, invoked the idea, and the youngest of the nations, America, through her President, Woodrow Wilson, organised it into institutional shape and potency. What a miracle of ideal co-operation! More than any other poet of the world, Tagore shines forth as the laureate of humanity.

It does not mean that he is not a patriot, or that he is one of those artistic or scientific exquisites who profess to be above patriotism chiefly for pleasing the Government, or that he condemns nationalism and the state as evils *per se* to be destroyed root and branch. The noble heart that flung his knighthood in contempt back into the hands that gave it to him because they had become blood-stained at Jallianwallah Bagh, the generous soul that more recently emerged from its ecstatic retirement to bemoan the Chittagong happenings and resent the Hijli shootings, cannot for a moment be thought to be a less ardent patriot than Das, Nehru, or Ansari. What he condemns is the claim (alas widely conceded) of the state to be an end in itself and a law unto itself, in brutal disregard of ethical standards, reducing itself to a non-moral animal impulse. Just as the family has in course of evolution been sub-

ordinated to socieity, and is no longer an interest overriding all other considerations, so must the state be subordinated to humanity. A nation should be just one member in the larger society of the family of nations and the Fatherhood of God must be implimented by the brotherhood of Man. And just as a family must be healthy and efficient in order to subserve suecessfully social ends, so must each nation be strong and efficient in order to fulfil its humanitarian functions properly. The state should be content to occupy the position of a means to worldends, instead of continuing to be a lawless exhibition of greed and force.

Is Gandhian Nationalism any different from this in essence and spirit? It seems to me that the Tagorean mirror contains a faithful reflection of the Gandhian universe. Or to put it differently, in its insistence on Truth and Non-violence, and the subordination of political ends and methods to moral laws, Gandhism may almost be said to be an organised form of Tagorism, India must be free, not that she may thereupon roam about like a beast of prey, but that she may the better subserve human brotherhood and culture. And she must achieve her freedom by means of Truth and Non-violence, historically speaking novelties never before tried; by invoking and never by inflicting suffering; by converting the enemy and getting him to be your friend instead of exterminating him; and melting his heart in the fire of world's pity and righteousness. And it follows as day the night that freedom thus won is bound to be used for spreading a regime of light and love, and not for perpetuating dark deeds of exploitation. Nor is it only blood that may not be shed. Uncompensated sweat too may not be, and the capitalism that has thriven on the ill paid sweat of the labouring masses must melt into co-operative effort. In

fact even tears are forbidden ; for you must undergo your sufferings with a quiet, bravely and cheerfully, like martyrs. Then only will its transfigurative efforts be forthcoming.

I wonder if Soviet Russia is not in many of its aspects a true answer to Gandhian prayers, the organised and institutionalised form of his social and moral ideals. It is ready to disarm completely ; clan is its regulative category, not country ; it has abolished the exploitation of the masses ; it is a knight-errant ready to march against the many-headed Hydra of imperialism ; it is no respecter of race and colour : its patriotism is subordinate to the world-proletariat ; and it is universalistic in idea and intention. Only it is not prepared to lose its life by meekly practising non-violence against its enemies, a human weakness which may be forgiven.

But Gandhi is for the ascetic life, the life of minimum needs and requirements, since these could be more easily shared equally by all than the life rich in manifold pleasures and satisfactions. The perfect life is the ideal of Tagore, the primitive of Mahatma Gandhi. Community in fasting is more easily secured than community in feasting, and how could a man of heart feast in the midst of so much starvation ? Such cultual and aesthetic (in the best sense of the term) life as the world has enjoyed so far has, it must be confessed, rested on the exploitation of the many by the few. Artistic and philosophic Greece rested on slavery, and indeed held that without slavery the best life would not be possible. Religious and philosophic India turned exploitation into its chief Dharma, and fashioned castes as well as outcasts for this purpose. European civilisation has divided society into capital and labour, into classes and masses. Every man of God, unless he be worshipping the Devil under

that respectable pseudonym, must revolt against this iniquitous negation of human brotherhood. Gandhi's revolt, in despair at making all equally rich, would like them to be equally poor in material goods and exalted in spirit. He would have no machinery, no large industry, no palaces, but just neat little cottages and the restless *Charkha*. Tagore's intuition is the truer and it may yet be realised consistently with the demands of our conscience. Though as history has gone so far the ideal of the full life has not been consistent with the moral ideal of equalitarian co-operation, the great Russian experiment has shown that material prosperity and human equality could go together and that asceticism is not the indispensable basis of socialism. Its new social and economic order, its marvellous powers in education and the broad-casting of the amenities of civilisation, and its five-year plan, demonstrate the possibility of the communistic achievement of the perfect life, where light, love and joy will in widest commonalty be spread. Meanwhile until this divine consummation is reached by the world, Mahatma Gandhi as the great man of action, the reviver and inspirer of our jaded national will, and the organiser of mass action on a scale almost miraculous, will rightly hold the primacy in our affections as well as admiration. He is will ; he is action ; he is life ; and these are more than idea and imagination.

I have had the honour of knowing Rabindranath Tagore in person, and can never forget the impression he made during his visit to Mysore in 1918. After completing his tour in South India he told me that nothing healthy could grow under the shadow of our temples. He revealed to us the beauty that Kalidasa and other ancient poets found in the forest where the hermits had their dwellings (*Tapovanas*). South Indian music was an intellectual

exercise, barren of heart and soul. The music of Bengal penetrates the heart and quickens the soul. I can confirm the truth of this contrast by personal experience of both. If Bengal has a soul, fiery, reckless, and generous to a fault, part of the explanation may be found in its stirring, emotional music. And Tagore's creation of the Visva-Bharati ! What perfect insight does it not show into the nature of university education, which should be research and creation and the development of personality, and not, as the government universities are, distributing channels for the scanty, muddy, slow, belated flow of western knowledge and discoveries.

Tagore's name will live as long as humanity lasts. To have been the glory of India is indeed a great triumph ; but he is more, he is one of the lights of the world.

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XII. DEMOCRACY THROUGH INDIAN EYES.

(Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, P.C., C.H., LL.D.)

[*The Right Honourable Mr. Srinivasa Sastri, P.C., C.H., LL.D. was born on 22 September, 1869, and had a distinguished career in school*



and college. He has been connected over a long period with education and educational institutions; and, besides, he has served as member in the Madras Legislative Council, the Imperial Legislative Council and the Council of State. Thus he is eminently fitted to speak authoritatively both on education and politics.

What is most characteristic of him as a politician is his 'balanced mind'. In another Convocation address which he delivered at Mysore he has explained what it is. It is the disposition to look at a matter from all points of view, the habit even under existing circumstances, of bringing full and unclouded reason to bear on the subject at issue. Sastri refers to this character even in the present address. He describes himself as 'one who is always on the quest of the golden mean'. In this spirit he proceeds to analyse the party system as it prevails in India, its merits and its defects, the extent of its power and its limitations, the remedies which

have to be applied if it were to work efficiently and for the good of the country: for, he believes that democracy, as understood in the West, has come to stay in India.

The style of Sastri has been acclaimed universally as pure, clear and incisive. It has won the highest commendation from critics all over.]

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We live under democratic institutions of the British type, which are now discredited in various parts of the civilized world. Even among us, who belong to the British Common wealth, large sections of the people, perhaps growing steadily in number, are of the opinion that democracy is played out, and that in clinging to it we run the risk of being left behind in the international race. This may or may not be true. I am inclined to think that the day of democracy is not yet done, and that, if its champions would only take pains to remove its weakness and reinforce its strong points, it might still maintain its ground as the most beneficent form of human government yet evolved. Unfortunately, democracy's friends do not stop to discriminate; they take always the easy path to success and forget that, in certain high aspects of political action, the means are as important as the ends. It thus happens that in this country, with every widening of the franchise and of the sphere of popular control, the corruptions of western democracy obtain a foothold sooner than its virtues. Criticism of the methods adopted by our leader is not necessarily to be suspected as proceeding from a believer in autocracy, but ought rather to be welcomed as the attempt of a patriot who cherishes with affection the political institutions of his country and would fain see them cleansed of imperfections and brought to a higher pitch of purity and public serviceableness. In this spirit and not in that of cavil on the one hand or of fervid other-

worldliness on the other, I propose to point out one of the dangers which threaten to strangle our public life.

The malady I shall deal with is the hypertrophy of the party system. It is established beyond question that parliamentary government postulates the existence of well-organized and coherent parties. The conditions for their proper functioning must be secured beyond all hazard. Politicians who wish to do their bit for the community must submit to a certain amount of control and restriction of the free exercise of their judgment. This being premised, I am concerned here to dwell at some length on the other side of the picture. There are great evils attendant on the system some of them apparent, but others insidious in their nature and demanding the utmost vigilance on the part of the leaders lest they choke the atmosphere of purity and regard for the welfare of the whole which is so essential to the success of popular institution. Writers on political subjects usually point out that the great antinomy is between the freedom of the individual and the exaltation of the State, whether the individual exists only as an instrument of the welfare of the State, or the State is in the last resort to be judged by the degree in which it secures the freedom and the welfare of the individual. It is by no means easy to decide between these alternatives, but as one who is always on the quest of the golden mean, I should like to believe that except in very rare situations it is possible for the State and the individual to sustain and subserve each other. The actual antinomy, however, that faces us is, the party or the individual citizen? One can understand the nation demanding the entire surrender of the citizen, his prospect, his freedom and his life. Can a party push its claims against its members quite so far? Perhaps the claim is not made in set formulae or stated nakedly in any treatise on public institutions; but in

actual practice, the tendency of party executives is to aggrandize themselves and make continual inroads on the freedom of action and of speech of their members. As in other cases, the evil example of one party spreads among all. The reins of party discipline tend to be held with increasing rigour, and men and women are told that non-compliance with the fiat of party leaders will be noted in black ink in their records. In the hurry of life we do not remember that by merely joining a party we give up a considerable slice of liberty. With the vast range of activity now assumed by Government and semi-governmental organisations there is little in the normal life of a citizen which may not at one time or another become the subject of regulation; and a political party therefore, in the search for means of extending its power and prestige, is almost omnivorous. It soon acquires a body of crystallised views upon all subjects under the sun, and a member may be called upon at any time to support them by advocacy and by vote. It is inconceivable that the party views on all or most of these subjects could be his own personal views. Such genuine conformity is not possible in more than a few subjects. The theoretical distinction between fundamentals and details, between principles and their particular applications, is apt to be lost sight of; and in the fervour of propaganda and the excitement of combat the word of the party leader must be obeyed, and the tyranny of military discipline tends to be established. In a system of ins and outs the whole power and authority of Government are the stake for which the parties contend with one another, and the prospect of such a prize magnifies all trifling details in the campaign and makes the maintenance of discipline in all ranks a paramount consideration. The Opposition, whose business ought to be to expose the flaws of the Government measure on their

merits and support them where they are worthy of support, opposes for the sake of opposition and gets into the habit of seeing nothing right in the operations of Government and never saying a good word of its adversaries. This may be good "strategy", but it affords no exercise in the art of political judgement, which after all consists in the ability to sift public issues, separate the good and bad in them and advance the one while checking the other. How can a tyro in political science educate himself by a study of the speeches and actions of those who have hopelessly narrowed their vision and made up their minds to view all matters only as they affect themselves? Speaking to the alumni of a University, I may not forget the needs of beginners and the duty of elders so to conduct themselves in the political sphere as well as in other spheres that their thought, speech and deed may accord with one another and teach the lesson that all life is one and must be lived in close conformity with one's nature and inmost convictions. It is impossible to be a bondsman in politics and free man in other departments of life.

It is amazing how the men who sit at the headquarters of political organisations claim the right to control and guide our private friendships and social relations. The barriers that divide parties one from another are held inviolable as though they were ordained of heaven and could only be crossed under penalty of excommunication. You are admonished which socials you may attend with impunity and which you must avoid. Deep differences of views on public affairs and the habit of meeting on different platforms naturally part people into groups, and each person may be trusted to avoid contacts which may expose him to misunderstanding or impair his reputation for fidelity. Why need we add to these natural restraints

special prohibitions directed against individuals or classes? It is no good reminding us that, in periods of abnormal excitement like that which saw the Irish Home Rule bills of Gladstone, social intercourse between members of the opposed parties is apt to be at a minimum and even friendships may suffer suspension as during a civil war. This is an aberration not to be cited as a precedent for normal times. I have never been able to perceive sufficient justification in India for the boycott of social functions at which officials are present, whether as hosts or as guests. It arises from morbid political animosity, to which I have never been a stranger. One would think, on the contrary, that men and women were meant to mix easily and naturally with one another and that, where differing political tendencies might keep them apart, special occasions of social intercourse should be created for the purpose of bringing them together and thus bearing witness to their common nature.

How true it is that the appetite for power grows by what it feeds on: Put a man at a table with some stationery and call him the secretary of a bureau. He will start by making enquiries which will soon become inquisitions, by making suggestions which will rapidly assume the character of orders, and by formulating principles which will steadily harden into a creed. He sends out whips on all occasions and sundry, and you have to make a speech or hold your tongue, to attend or stay away and to walk to the right or to the left as you may be bidden. One may readily grant that members of a party must submit to certain regulations in order that concerted action may be calculable. What is objectionable and must be resisted is the ceaseless encroachment of the executive upon the freedom of the individual until he

becomes a mere unit in a well-drilled regiment. The unreality of proceedings in which men and women do not care to form their own opinions or, when they have them, do not care to express them, is so great that one hesitates to accept the decisions arrived at in such conditions as expressions of the national will entitled to respect and obedience. T. H. Huxley was once asked why he did not care to enter the House of Commons: his answer was that he had dedicated his life to the discovery and elucidation of truth and not to its obscuration, and therefore he avoided to the pursuit of politics. I do not think that Huxley overstated his case. Party politics, which forbids independent judgement and compels one to speak and vote at another's bidding, is systematized violence done to truth. This confession must sound strange, coming from one who a few moments ago granted the proposition that the party system and therefore party discipline are essential to the success of democratic institution, and who is himself a life long practitioner of the game. Knowing how commonly one is misunderstood, let me at this point repeat my faith in democracy. However bad a legislative chamber may be, as Cavour said, it can never be so bad as the antechamber of an autocrat or one may add, of a modern dictator. But does it follow that I should join in the apotheosis of party and kneel down before a caucus which regards its slogans as mantras at a ritual and shouts hosannas at every paltry success as though the hosts of a heaven had routed the hordes of hell.

It has been pointed out that the function of political parties is akin to that of lawyers who argue a case before the jury from opposite sides, the general public being the final deciding authority. Avowedly then a party is only one of two or more similar agencies meant to check and

complement one another for the discovery of the line of best advantage to the community. For any one of these to claim the monopoly of power or influence and to demand the entire allegiance of the people is in the nature of a usurpation. It ought to be clearly understood that in a legislature, for instance, the party in power will only then be doing its duty when it pays due regard to the view of the other elements that compose the House, appropriates the best thoughts and suggestions put forward by them and enacts into law the combined wisdom of the People's representatives. If it were possible to rid our minds of the competitive aspect of the labours of the various parties, they would seem to be co-ordinate and co-operating agencies employed on the common task of ascertaining and promoting the good of the whole community. A party is subordinate to the nation, must be ready to sacrifice its interests for those of the nation, and ought not to claim of the citizen that complete abnegation that only the nation can claim in sore need. On this view how grievously at fault we are in carrying on a ceaseless mutual warfare, on the look-out for ambushes, feints and fights to the finish! If the great religions are to practise the virtues of charity, tolerance and even appreciation towards one another, if races and nations are bidden, in the name of mankind, to pull down all tariff and political barriers, how paltry and childlike seem the squabbles and truceless hostilities of our parties, often with no intelligible distinction and revolving round personalities!

I am under command to exhort you, the graduates of the year, to conduct yourselves suitably and to the position to which, by the degrees conferred upon you to-day, you have attained. Your position is that of those who are

entering on the rights and duties of citizenship. I advise you to be faithful to party, but always to put the nation above it. I advise you, when you become leaders, to circumscribe within well-defined limits the jurisdiction of your party, to demand of your followers due respect for this jurisdiction, but scrupulously to allow them full discretion outside that jurisdiction. I advise you not to look upon members of other parties as enemies to be avoided, denounced and injured, but as fellow-travellers choosing different routes to reach the same goal, viz. the common good. I advise you above all to cherish your personal freedom as a birthright and guard it jealously except in a limited sphere, so that in your public activities you may be true to yourselves. The ideal to be aimed at is the one enunciated in our ancient saying

manasyekam vachasyekam

karmanyekam mahatmanam.

“ One and the same in thought, word and act ”. To propagate others' opinions as your own, to make speeches against your convictions and to vote habitually at the bidding of a whip, is to do violence to truth. In this land men have been bidden from ancient days to speak the truth and to perform the dharma satyam vada; dharmam cara. Speak the truth; do the right. Truth has been declared to be the foundation and the support of all things. *satye sarvam pratishtitam*. In an immortal legend Hariscandra sold his wife and son to slavery and himself watched corpses burning on Ganga's bank, to avoid framing a falsehood between his lips. To keep the plighted word of his father Rama gave up a kingdom and dwelt in the forest for years with his wife. The empire of Truth has no limits and knows no relaxations. Modern life, however, has made numerous and extensive inroads upon it. In the dealings

of nations, whether in war or peace or ordinary diplomatic intercourse; in the flattery that pervades palaces; in the large sphere allotted to propaganda and advertisement; in the region of sex; in commerce and business; in testimonials; in postprandial utterances; in obituary orations and epitaphs; in dealings with invalids and children; in the promises made by lovers and by candidates at election time; in the writings of the partisan press; in the one-sided pleadings before judges; in the chronicles of courts and kings and queens; in the defence of superstition and error as a necessary basis for ethical conduct; in these and several other departments we recognise and allow for a large measure of concealment and distortion of the truth. Shall we knowingly and deliberately add the enormous domain of politics to this formidable list?

Happily we are not left without some shining examples for our guidance. One that will be universally admitted in Mahatma Gandhi. It is not for nothing that he observes silence on one day of each week, for all speech involves a certain impairment of the truth. He employs the fewest words and the simplest to express his thoughts, for does not the poet say that those must be frugal in their words who wish to be truthful? I know of none who is so preternaturally careful to avoid situations that might compromise or weaken his adherence to the truth. With a will that no bribe can buy and no threat can bend, he upholds the supremacy of his conscience. Dedicated body and soul to the service of mankind, he will seek no good, however great or glittering, except by methods wholly consonant with his own conception of right or truth. *Daṛidraṇarāyaṇa* as he proclaims himself, four annas is not beyond his means: if still he stands outside the Congress organisation, it is because its atmosphere

irks his extremely sensitive and truthful soul. He protests against people following him blindly and accepting his decisions without endeavouring to make them their own. Yet, so weak is human nature that in the wide circle of his influence people too readily surrender their individual freedom and so palter with truth. If one of the phases of truth be non-violence, another is the integrity of the human soul. The Mahatma's supreme merit is his unflinching devotion to the goddess of Truth in her various phases. Let us be his co-worshippers, not his worshippers.

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NOTES.

The Function of Criticism at the Present Time.

Many objections . . . on translating Homer: As Professor of Poetry of the University of Oxford, Matthew Arnold delivered three lectures 'On Translating Homer' in 1861. They called forth severe criticism notably in the columns of the *Saturday Review*.

Certain causes: "Owing to the presence in English literature of this eccentric and arbitrary spirit, owing to the strong tendency of English writers to bring to the consideration of their subject some individual fancy" etc.—*On Translating Homer*.

well-doing: doing anything well in any profession.

appointed elements: certain elements with which alone it can work; a certain, few and selected elements.

make an intellectual situation: produce a certain order of ideas.

Byron's poetry: George Gordon (Lord) Byron (1788-1824) was a prolific poet, and he is best remembered by his *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Much of his poetry was satirical of the times in which he lived. Arnold's contention is that he dealt only with the surface of things, and did not concern himself with the eternal verities: he lacked the critical spirit, hence, his poetry will not endure.

Goethe's so much: John Wolfgang Von Goethe (1749-1832) was one of the greatest of German philosophers and critics. He was a prolific writer, his works being in thirty-six volumes. He was mainly a critic, the chief critical tenet on which all his work is based being to live steady purpose in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful."

the burst of creative activity . . . this century: The first quarter of the nineteenth century witnessed a great deal of creative activity; among the poets, the more famous being Wordsworth and Coleridge, Keats, Shelly and Byron; among prose-writers, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, Walter Savage Landor, and De Quincey.

Shelley so incoherent: In an essay on Shelley, Arnold described him as "a beautiful but ineffectual angel, beating his luminous wings in the void." He refers to the vague abstractions of the poet, for Shelley's twofold interest in science and metaphysics, together with his love of Rosicrucianism and magic of all kinds, often led him to express the material and the concrete in terms of the immaterial. Percy Bysshe Shelley died young at the age of thirty in 1822, and he is best remembered by his "Adonais."

Wordsworth even . . . variety: Wordsworth was the chief poet at the first quarter of the nineteenth century, though he died in 1850. Almost all his important works are confined to the earlier decades. He had a theory of poetry, and he dealt in his works with Nature and simple humanity. This accounts for his lack of completeness and variety.

cared little for books: One of his well-known poems is an admonition to discard books and to study Nature. In a letter he wrote to his brother (April 27, 1830), he said: "The more I reflect upon the subject, the more I am convinced that positive instruction; even of a religious character, is much over-rated. There is an officious disposition on the part of the upper and middle classes to precipitate tendency of the people towards culture in a manner subversive of their own happiness and dangerous to the peace of society."

disparaged Goethe: Wordsworth had little respect for Goethe, and thought him greatly overrated both in England and Germany. Once he is reported to have remarked: "I consider him a very artificial writer, aiming to be universal and yet constantly exposing his individuality, which his character was not of a kind to dignify. He had not sufficiently clear moral perceptions to make him anything but an artificial writer." On another occasion he told his newhew, "I have tried to read Goethe. I never could succeed. There is a profligacy, an inhuman sensuality in his works which is utterly revolting. I am not intimately acquainted with them generally."

Shelley had plenty of reading: Mrs. Shelley's note on the early poems of 1814 and 1815 gives the following account of his studies—"In the scanty journals kept during those years I find a record of the books that Shelley read during several years. It includes, in Greek, Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, the histories of Thucydides and Herodotus, and Diogenes Laertius. In Latin, Petronius, Suetonius, some of the works of Cicero, a large proportion of those of Seneca and Livy. In English, Milton's Poems, Wordsworth's *Excursion*, Southey's *Madoc* and *Thalaba*, Locke *On the Human Understanding*. Bacon's *Novum Organum*. In Italian, Ariosto, Tasso, and Alfieri. In French, the *Reveries du'n Solitaire* of Rousseau. To these may be added several modern books of travels. He read few novels.

Coleridge had immense reading: Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), the collaborator with Coleridge in the *Lyrical Ballads*, the author of the *Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan*, was an omnivorous reader. He delighted especially in the study of the occult and the supernatural. Once he said to his friend Thelwall: "I am

and ever have been a great reader and have read almost everything, a library cormorant. I am deep in all out of the way books, whether of monkish times or the puritanical era. Metaphysics and poetry and "facts of mind" are my darling studies.

Pindar and Sophocles: Pindar (522-442 B. C.) was a great Greek lyric poet; and Sophocles (495-406 B. C.) one of the three greek tragedians.

Shakespeare was no deep reader: Though Shakespeare had no scholarship, yet he read a lot of current literature in his own native tongue.

The Athens of Pericles: Pericles (490-429 B. C.), was a great Athenian statesman and commander, under whose regime there was an unprecedented expansion of Athenian power. It was the time when rationalism prevailed in the philosophical schools of Athens.

The poet's weakness: not so much the weakness of the poet himself, as of the times in which he lived. At the time of Goethe nationalism had not become a creed. Europe did not know in fact national boundaries till the middle of the nineteenth century.

The France of Voltaire and Rousseau: i.e., the France before the Revolution, which they helped to bring about by their writings, but which they did not live to see. They were both of them eminent French philosophers who died in 1778.

Order of ideas, which are universal, etc.: referring to such catchwords and phrases, like the Equality, Fraternity and Liberty of Man, which were current during the Revolution.

1789: the year of the outbreak of the French Revolution.

1642: the year of the Civil War in England in the time of Charles 1.

The old woman who threw her stool: Jenny Geddes, was the supposed name of the woman who threw a stool at Bishop Lindsay in St Giles's, Edinburgh, when the new service of the Mass was introduced during the reign of Charles 1. The event is said to have taken place on Sunday July 23, 1637.

the Antipodes: the opposite poles of the earth.

the free play of the mind: a much over-worked phrase in Matthew Arnold's writings. The characteristic feature of his style is his tendency to repeat words, phrases, even sometimes sentences for the sake of emphasis.

curiosity: In Latin the word means "desire of knowledge".

epoch of concentration: phrase coined by Matthew Arnold in antithesis to 'epoch of expansion to designate an era, which has shut itself to the invasion of new ideas, and which concentrates upon what it knows already. Thus in the period following the French Revolution, though the intellectuals and poets welcomed the new ideas, yet Europe as a whole reverted to the old order. Arnold describes this period of reversion to older ideas as 'the epoch of concentration'.

seems to be opening in this country: for England, since 1842, had reconciled itself to reform in the political sphere.

The traveller in the fable: the story of the contest between the North Wind and the Sun, told by Aesop, the Greek fabulist of the sixth century B. C.

apparition: sudden and startling manifestation, as of a ghost or spectre.

last importance: greatest importance.

Disinterestedness: Thus does Arnold sum up in a word the admonition of his literary *guru*, the great French critic, Sainte-Beuve, who wrote that "Criticism should be without partiality and without bias. It weds itself to persons only for a time and passes from one group to another without binding itself permanently to any of them. To have rendered justice to one writer is for criticism no argument for refusing it to his opponent."

Our organs of criticism: like *The Edinburgh Review* (founded in 1802), which was at first Tory, then Whig; *The quarterly Review* (started in 1809), the Tory rival of the "Edinburgh"; and the *Blackwood's Magazine*, another Tory competitor, started in 1817. All these magazines concerned themselves primarily with politics or their particular brand of politics coloured their critical views.

The epochs of Aeschylus and Shakespeare: Aeschylus (525-456 B. C.), a Greek tragedian, lived in the spacious days of the final overthrow of the Persians to subjugate Greece, when there was great intellectual ferment on account of the patriotic fervour, Shakespeare too lived during the period of the final overthrow of Spain and the expansion of England physically and intellectually.

I. GRACE BEFORE MEAT

the Fairy Queen: the famous poem in several Books and Cantos by Edmund Spenser (1552-99), an elder contemporary of Shakespeare. The reading of Charles Lamb lay chiefly among the Elizabethans and the writers of the seventeenth century.

manducation: chewing.

Homo Humanus: 'The Human Man'. Perhaps Charles Lamb is here having a dig at Coleridge, whose mind was full of projects, and who boasted of several of his "unwritten books" to the writer.

Utopian : ideal, from Sir Thomas More's famous work, the *Utopia* (1516).

Rabelaisian : humorous and broad-minded, from the fifteenth century French writer, Rabelais, who wrote the famous classic, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*.

unprovocative : not such as can whet their appetites, but satisfy them.

a rarus hospes : an unfrequent guest.

ravenous orgasm : the physical excitement to eat ravenously.

epicurism : or epicureanism, here signifies fondness for eating delicacies or rich food. The word is derived from the Greek philosopher Epicurus of the third century B.C., who was falsely reported to have advocated an indolent and luxurious kind of living.

still small voice : a Biblical phrase, usually descriptive of 'conscience'. Cp I Kings, xix. 12.

Jeshurun waxed fat . . . he kicked : The reference is to Deuteronomy, xxxii. 15, Jeshurun was a significant name-descriptive of the Israelitish community, and implying their general uprightness, or the peculiar manifestation of God's presence, which they had enjoyed, and which aggravated the guilt of their rebellion. The term was more generally used of Israel. Here, Charles Lamb uses it to signify the race of good eaters.

Virgil knew the harpy nature better : The Roman poet, Virgil of the first century B.C. describes in the third book of his epic, *The Aeneid*, how the harpies attacked Æneid, and his friends, when they were eating, and defiled their dishes. Finally one of them, Celaeno, cursed them, saying: "Fierce famine is your lot : for this misdeed, Reduced to grind the plates on which you feed." The harpies were

ugly winged monsters of Greek legend, who were three in number. They were supposed to be ravenous, to snatch all the meat, "defiling all they find, and parting, leave a loathsome stench behind."

Half-feast : some banquet in Guildhall, for instance, an important public building of London.

Paradise Regained : Book II, ll. 340 seq.

Gris-amber : or ambergris, a substance extracted from the sperm whale, and used in perfumes.

Freshet : a pool of fresh water.

Pontus : the Black Sea. The fish of Pontus when pickled was regarded as a great delicacy.

Lucrine Bay : seven miles west of Naples, celebrated in Roman times for its oysters.

cates : dainties.

gaudy day : a holiday or feast-day, especially an annual celebration of some event, such as the foundation of a college. Milton was educated at Cambridge.

Heliogabalus : A Roman Emperor of the second century, who was a luxurious, contemptuous debauchee.

As appetite, etc. : Quotations from *Paradise Regained*, II. 264 ff.

the brook of Cherith : Reference to I Kings, xvii. 5—7. The prophet Elijah of the Israelites was fed by the ravens, when he dwelt by the brook Cherith.

fled into the desert, etc. : Another reference to I Kings, xix, 3—8. The prophet Eliah, fleeing from Jezebel, the heathen wife of Ahab, king of Israel, was fed by an angel in the desert, where he lay underneath a juniper tree.

Daniel at his pulse : Daniel was another prophet of the Jews. While quite a youth, he was carried among the

Jewish captives to Chaldea, where he was commanded to be fed on royal fare. But he preferred pulse and water. Vide *Daniel*, i. 12, ff,

The Quakers : members of the religious society (the Society of Friends) founded by George Fox in 1648—50.

bib and tucker : the apron with a neckpiece worn when dining.

physiognomical character : The tastes for food are reflected in the face.

C— : i.e., Coleridge.

sapidless : insipid ; tasteless.

beside my tenor : upsets the equanimity of my disposition.

author of the Rambler : Samuel Johnson of the eighteenth century. He conducted a periodical called the *Rambler*, to which he contributed his essays.

Dagon : the name of a fish-god among the Philistines.

the Chartreuse : an order of monks founded at Chartreuse, in France, in A.D. 1080, with the most rigorous rules. They never ate meat, and lived on bread and water one day in each week.

Hogs Norton : a village in Oxfordshire, now called Hook Norton. Reference is here made to an old English proverb, "I think thou wast born at Hogs-Norton where pigs play upon the organs." Whatever this may have meant originally, Lamb here refers to the snorting and snuffing of pigs over a trough, which he says would be "a fitter prelude to a civic banquet than is the chaplain's grace.

equivocal duty : doubtful duty.

Lucian : a Greek satirist of the first century, who ridiculed the pagan theology in a series of dialogues.

flamens: priests of particular deities in ancient Greece.

C.V.L.: Charles Valentine Le Grice who afterwards became a clergyman.

Non tunc illis erat locus: from Horace, *The Art of Poetry*: "That was not the fitting time or place for such remarks".

Christ's: or Christ's Hospital, a school, in which Lamb and Coleridge were educated. The pupils of the school were called 'Hospitallers'.

horresco referens: quoted from Virgil's *Æneid*. II. 204: "I shudder as I say it."

II. THE INDIAN JUGGLERS

Man . . . past finding out: Reminiscent of the *Epistle to the Romans*, xi. 33: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out."

the planets in their spheres: Reference to the old belief that each of the planets was set in a revolving globe-shaped shell and it moved in a concentric circle round the earth.

lambent fire: fire which seems to play on the surface merely without burning the object.

pouring words like water into empty sieves: doing futile things, such as filling a sieve with water, which the Danaïdæ, in classical legend, the fifty daughters of Danaus, king of Argos, were condemned to do in Hades for having killed their husbands in their beds on the nuptial night.

rolling a stone up a hill and then down again: Another instance of futile effort. The reference is to the punishment of Sisyphus, king of Corinth, reputed the most cunning of mankind. For his misdeeds on earth, he was condemned in Hades to roll to the top of a hill a large

stone, which when it reached the summit rolled down again, so that the punishment was eternal.

abortions: things weakly conceived and lifelessly finished.

periods: sentences.

Sadler's Wells: a theatre in Clerkenwell, built in 1765, and named after the man who had accidentally rediscovered, in 1683, a holy well which had been stopped up at the Reformation. It exists no longer as a theatre.

employed in copying, etc.: Hazlitt at first thought of becoming a painter like his brother, and he spent the years of his initiation in copying the works of great masters.

Sir Joshua Reynolds: (1723—92), famous painter of England, a friend of Burke, Samuel Johnson, etc.

Peter Pindar (*Dr. Wolcot*): (1738—1819), a satirist, who had a gift for the comical and mischievous exposure of foibles. He wrote various satires on George III. His work suffers from vulgarity of thought and inelegance of style.

Goldsmith's pedagogue: in *The Deserted Village* of Oliver Goldsmith (1730—74). The quotation is from memory, for the lines in the poem read:

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,

For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still.

The tact of style is more ambiguous: Each of these words is used in its literal and figurative senses. Thus: *tact*, (1) the touch-faculty; (2) intuitive perception of what is fitting, especially of the right thing to do or say: *style*, (1) stiletto, a sharp-pointed weapon, or the writing-tool; (2) the power of expression: *ambiguous*, (1) driving or cutting both ways: (2) of double meaning.

The wheels of the Juggernaut: a Hindu god, one of the incarnations of Vishnu, worshipped in the famous temple of Puri, in Orissa. The reference is to the wheels of the car in which the god is drawn at the annual festival. Fanatical devotees even throw themselves beneath the wheels to be crushed and to be transported to Paradise.

Locksley in Ivanhoe to ... allow for the wind: The reference is to Chapter 13.

Human face divine; quoted from *Paradise Lost*, Book III:

Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or *human face divine*,
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me.

Tumbler: acrobat.

as many Haydons and H...s: Benjamin Robert Haydon (1786—1846), a historical painter. H..... may be Hazlitt himself or John Hoppner (1758—1810), a portrait painter.

blandness of gusto: pleasing taste; mild and unobtrusive feeling for the objects he painted.

in tones and gestures hit: an adaptation of Milton's *Paradise Regained*: Book IV:

There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony *in tones and numbers hit*
By voice or hand.

Hazlitt changed 'numbers' into 'gestures,' because his theme is the art of planting, not music.

To snatch this grace beyond the reach of art: an unacknowledged quotation from Pope's *Essay on Criticism*:

Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,

May boldly deviate from the common track;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

commercing with the skies: quoted from Milton's description of Melancholy *IL Penseroso*:

With even step and musing gait,
 And looks *commercing with the skies*,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

flaw: squall of wind, a short storm.

And visions...on every bough: Cited from a letter of the poet Thomas Gray to his friend, Horace Walpole (September 1737):

And as they bow their heavy tops relate,
 In murmuring sounds, the dark decrees of fate;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

Thrills in each nerve, and lives along the line: A reminiscence of Addison's *Milton's Style imitated in a Translation of a Story of the AEneid*:

we stood

Amazed, be sure; a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrilled in every vein.
 Till, using all the force of winds and oars,
 We sped away.

Also an imitation of Pope's *Essay on Man*: "Feels at each thread, and lives along the line".

like Satan, difficult and doubtful, 'half flying, half on foot: Reference to Satan's journey through Chaos in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book II:

nigh-foundered, on he fares,
 Treading the rude consistence, *half on foot,*
Half flying.

an individual who, if he had been born, etc.: Leigh Hunt (1784—1859), essayist and friend of most of the men of letters of the day. Hazlitt's son dedicated the third edition of *Table Talk* to L. H. whom the author alike admired and esteemed, the "Rochester without the vice, the modern Surrey", whom he celebrates in one of these essays.

piquet: a game of cards.

nugae canorae: Tuneful trifles, cited from Horace's *Art of Poetry*.

a Rochester without the vice: John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1648—80) a poet of genius and notorious libertine, was attractive in person and manners, and a favourite of Charles II, who frequently banished him from the court, and as frequently pardoned him. He was a writer of amorous lyrics marred by obscenity in spite of the wit and finish of his writing.

a Modern Surrey: Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1517—47), was a polished courtier of the reign of King Henry VIII, an English poet notable for sonnet form into English and blank verse.

Themistocles said, etc.: A celebrated Athenian statesman and commander of the fourth century B.C., a bold resourceful and eloquent man. He took a prominent part in the second Persian war, and secured for his country the victory of Salamis. He fortified the Piraeus and Athens, in spite of the opposition of Sparta, which he artfully defeated. He was a man capable of great deeds, but he could not do small trifles. Plutarch records how he defended himself once from the charge of lacking in liberal accomplishments, by retorting that 'he certainly could not make use of any stringed instrument, his only accomplishment being the ability so to govern a small

and obscure city as to make it great and glorious." Hazlitt probably read the story in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, Book I.

Jedediah Buxton will be forgotten: Jedediah Buxton (1707—72) was a mathematical prodigy, who, however, had not the ability to acquire an ordinary education and so remained a labourer all through life. But his mathematical feats were astounding. He could work out the most elaborate problems in number, although he never mastered any arithmetical rules.

Napier's bones will live: John Napier (1550—1617), laird of Merchiston, devoted himself for a time to the invention of instruments of warfare. He then set himself to facilitate arithmetical operations and devised logarithms. His *Rabdologia* (1615) explains the use of numerating rods, commonly called "Napier's Bones" (because they were made of bone or ivory)...the earliest form of calculating machine.

scourges of mankind: persons who caused widespread destruction were supposed to be instruments of divine wrath. Attila, who died in 453, king of the Huns, was called the "Scourge of God".

Newton: Sir Isaac Newton (1642—1727), the great philosopher, mathematician and scientist.

Bacon: Lord (1561—1626), essayist and philosopher.

Cromwell: Oliver, Lord Protector of England from 1653 to 1658.

Moliere: (1622--73), the great French writer of comedies.

author of Don Quixote: Cervantes (1547—1616), the Spaniard, who earned world wide reputation, by his picaresque romance of *Don Quixote*, which is generally a satire on decaying chivalry.

great chess-player : 'Probably Hazlitt was thinking of Sarratt whom he describes in his essay *On Coffee-House Politicians Table-Talk*.' (Samson).

'*he dies and leaves the world no copy*' : a quotation from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, 1. v. :

Lady, you are the cruellest she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Mrs. Siddons : (1755—1831), a famous actress, who impersonated mostly in tragedies. Hazlitt regarded her 'as he would a Muse or a Sibyl as the crowned and ruling spirit of tragedy.'

John Hunter was a great man : John Hunter (1728-93) surgeon and anatomist. called by some the founder of scientific surgery, kept a kind of menagerie at Earl's Court, which was purchased after his death by the State, and which formed the nucleus of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Michael Angelo...block of marble : Michaelangelo (1475-1564) was the greatest of the Renaissance artists and sculptors. The colossal statue of the David, nine braccia high, was executed by him in 1504, from a single block of marble, spoilt in the roughing out, which was brought to Florence from Carrara.

Lord Nelson : famous British admiral (1758-1805) who died in the Battle of Trafalgar.

Sir Humphrey Davy : (1778-1829) became famous for his researches in chemistry and electricity, and as the inventor of the safety-lamp for miners which goes after his name.

A great Scholar's memory outlives him half a century an adaptation of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (III.ii) : "Then

there's hope; a great *man's* memory may outlive his life *half a year*."

Wolsey: Cardinal Wolsey (1471-1539), a great administrator and states-man of the reign of King Henry VIII, who, on failing to obtain a divorce for the king from queen Catherine, was deprived of his office, and arrested for high treason.

amendicant Friar: a begging friar of the Order of the Dominicans and Franciscans, monks who were vowed to poverty

Montainne: (1533-92), a French writer, philosopher and moralist.

had fives-player: The game of fives is a hand-ball game, played like tennis. but with hands, instead of rackets, in a court which is walled in on three sides and which is divided in two by a low barrier. The balls are served with the hand and beaten to and fro with the palms, gloves being worn on the hands. The points are counted to fifteen.

and has not left his peer behind him: a reminiscence of Milton's *Lycidas*: "For Lycidas is dead, and has not left his peer."

Roman poet said, etc.: Horace's *Odes*, III. i. 40: "Black care sits behind the horseman."

nor future "in the instant": from the Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, i.v.:

Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

"domestic treason, foreign levy, nothing can touch him further": from *Macbeth*, III. ii...

Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor person,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him, further.

lumbering like Mr. Wordsworth's epic poetry : Reference to *The Prelude* and *The Excursion*.

Mr. Coleridge's lyric prose : as in his essays on Metaphysics and literary criticism.

Mr. Brougham's speeches : Henry Brougham, later Lord (1778-1868) was a Whig statesman, and made a name in his day as one of the best of Parliamentary orators.

Mr. Canning's wit : George Canning (1770-1827), statesman and author, founder of and contributor to the *Anti-Jacobin*, a paper which vigorously attacked the French Revolution and its sympathisers with satiric humour.

the quarterly : a review founded in February 1809 by John Murray, as Tory rival to the "Edinburgh". It was virulent in its attacks on persons, and it was supposed that an article in it on the property of Keads was the cause of his death.

Cobbett ; William Cobbett (1763-1825), English writer, author of the well-known "Advice to Young Men" and "Rural Rides".

Junius : the pseudonym of Sir Philip Francis, who made abundant use of irony in the letters that he contributed to the *Public Advertiser* from 1769 to 1771.

volleyed : hit the ball before it touched the ground.

Rosemary Branch : the name of an inn to which the fives-court was attached. It was formerly a well-known pleasure resort and music hall.

Copenhagen House : a tavern and tea-garden in the fields north of the metropolis.

Goldsmith consoled himself, etc.: reference to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, where the Scotchman accuses the Irish Goldsmith as being too envious. Hazlitt relying on this wrote a full paragraph on Goldsmith, adducing him as one of the examples of his subject, "On Envy". But in reality he was amiable.

Mr. Powell: probably the proprietor of the Fives-Court in St. Martin's Street.

the balance of Europe suspended in Lord Castlereagh's face: Lord Castlereagh (1769-1822) was foreign secretary from 1812 to 1822 and took a leading part in the European settlement at the congress of Vienna and after Waterloo, restraining the allies from retaliation on France. His mind became affected by work and responsibility and he committed suicide.

Mr. Croker: John Wilson Croker (1780-1857). Secretary of the Admiralty.

the racket-player: Racket is a game played in an enclosed court with the implement called "racket", a cat-gutted bat.

the Fleet or the King's Bench: both of them debtors prisons, to which racket courts were attached.

"Who enters here, foregets himself. his country, and his friends": a parody of Pope's *Dunciad*. IV. 518-19:

Which whose tastes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, Ancestors, Himself.

Mr. Peel: Sir Robert Peel (1788-1850), Prime Minister of England.

Mr. Mannors Sutton: (1780-1845), later Viscount Canterbury was elected Speaker on June 2, 1817.

Let no rude hand, etc.

Adapted from Wordsworth's *Ellen Irwin*:
 By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;
 And, for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it
and its forlorn "Hic jacet".

Hic jacet is Latin for "Here lies", the words which usually begin an epitaph.

III. WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY

littera scripta: the written letter or word.

The Sibyl wrote her prophecies upon the leaves of the forest: There were several sibyls or prophetesses of Greek legend, but Newman here seems to refer particularly to the Cumæan Sibyl, who wrote her prophecies on leaves and placed them at the entrance to her cave.

We have sermons in stones, etc.: a reminiscence of the Senior Duke's speech in *As you Like It*, II. i.:

And this our life exempt from public haunt
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

luminous: enlightened.

the high world: the society of the court.

daguerreo type: portrait taken by the early photographic process; from Daguerre, the inventor.

beau monde: the world of fashion.

au courant: perfectly conversant.

the British Association: Its fuller title is explicatory of its object. It is properly called "The British Association for the Advancement of Science", and was founded in 1830. Its first meeting was held in York in 1831.

the annual Act, etc.: The word 'Act' is used of a public occasion in a University when the candidate for a higher

degree presents and reads the thesis, which he has prepared to qualify for the degree in question.

Commencement : corresponds to our 'Convocation'.

Commemoration : the day of the celebration of the founders and benefactors of the University.

desiderate : desire.

Paris : The University of Paris, founded in the thirteenth century, was suppressed in 1793, the year of the Revolution in France, and, though partially revived by Napoleon in 1808, it was not definitely reconstituted till 1896.

London : In 1836 the University of London was incorporated by charter as an examining body only. In 1898 it became both a teaching and an examining University.

Oxford : dates from the thirteenth century ; *Bologna* : in Italy, one of the oldest universities on the Continent, dating from the eleventh century. *Salamanca* : in Spain; its University was founded in the thirteenth century.

employes : writers, authors. *attches* : members of the staff of the university.

Oral Tradition : In the Catholic Church, the phrase is used of the tradition handed down in unbroken line from the Apostolic times to the present day.

St. Irenaeus : one of the early Fathers of the Church, the Bishop of Lyons, martyred in 202.

St. Anthony : a father of the Church, who lived towards the end of the third and the beginning of the fourth century ; the founder of Christian monasticism, who gave up all his property, and retired to the desert whither he was followed by some of his faithful disciples.

Didymus : a Christian theologian of the fourth century, one of the principal opponents of Arianism, who lost his sight in childhood. But his spiritual insight was so marvellous that St. Jerome styled him "the Seer".

the Disciplina Arcani : literally, "the Discipline of the Secret". a theological term used to express the custom that prevailed in the early Church of guarding the knowledge of the more intimate mysteries of the Catholic Faith from the heathen, and from those who were not as yet fully instructed.

Revelation : the more sacred mysteries of the Christian religion as revealed by God through his Church, handed down orally from generation to generation.

the Blessed Trinity : the mystery of the presence of the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost in God.

the Eucharist : the mystery of the presence of the body and blood of Christ in the bread and wine of the Holy Mass.

Alma Mater : bounteous mother, the name by which the student describes his University or school.

St. Patrick : the patron saint of Ireland.

IV. WALKING TOURS

canting dilettantes : 'stupid triflers' who are given to use popular catchwords or ideas without knowing what they mean.

the brotherhood : people who are bound by conviction in a common cause, here, the joys of walking.

humours : sensations.

play off one against the other : set one thing against the other, to their advantage. Here the author means that they are incapable of enjoying pleasures when they find them.

curacoa: liqueur flavoured with the dried peel of a kind of orange, to be drunk sip by sip and savoured on the tongue. *brown John*: a large vessel, used in drinking beer.

nightcap: a drink taken before going to bed to induce sound sleep.

the proverb: quoted from John Ray's "Complete Collection of English Proverbs" (1670). "Go farther and fare worse".

'I cannot see the wit', etc.: Quoted from Hazlitt's essay "On Going a Journey".

like Christian...singing: The hero of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Christian, had a heavy pack at the beginning of his journey, a pack which was symbolical of his sins, which later he was able to throw off.

the lees: the dregs, the remnants.

the merchant Abudah's chest: figuratively denotes the mind, and the hag; his worries and anxieties. The reference is to the tale of the merchant, Abudah, in H. Ridley's *Tales of the Genii*, who is driven to seek a talisman by a little old hag, who haunts him every night, and makes his life wretched.

loom: his brain, which is spinning out words to describe the landscape.

troubadour: singer, the walker who sings. *clown*: peasant.

had a pair of red ears: blushed with shame.

epicure: he is fastidious about the kind of road.

the great barons of the mind: lofty thoughts. *rally to the standard*: heed the call.

phlegm: apathy, as opposed to 'exhilaration'.

make so many articles: attempt to put in to words what he beholds.

bivouacs: encampments in the open for one night or for a short time.

millennium: the golden age, a period of perfection, where the tyranny of time cannot be felt.

fete: festival. Probably he is thinking of a French village.

the flood: the flood in the times of Noah, a patriarch of the Jews.

Though ye take, etc.: Quotation from Milton's *Areopagitica* (1644).

Eden: the name of the paradise in which the original man and woman lived.

elixir of life: a mediaeval notion was that there was some decoction which when drunk would confer immortality.

grog: a mixture of spirits and water without sweetening.

nicest coincidence: most exact identity of your thoughts with his.

New Heloise: a book by the French philosopher, Rousseau.

Heine: (1797-1856), a German poet.

Tristram Shandy: the great work of Laurence Sterne (1713-68), for whom Stevenson had a particular fondness.

joviality: is derived from Jove, the name of the supreme among the gods of Greek legend. Hence it is described as 'audacious'.

curiosity: in the foreign sense of the word, 'the spirit of inquiry'.

hobbies: favourite pursuits. *humours*: inclinations and characters of men.

Burns: Robert Burns (1759-96), Scottish poet, who wrote a number of delightful songs. Stevenson refers to the following stanza from one of them:—

I have been blythe with comrades dear;
 I have been merry drinking;
 I have been joyful gathrin' gear;
 I have been happy thinkin'.

gathering gear: quoted from the Burns' song above: 'gathering wealth'.

derisive silence of eternity: Cp. Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*:—

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence.

humour of all social heresy: disposed to rebel against what society accepts as true.

Philistines: men without culture.

recking: Scottish for 'smoking'.

seventh circle: seventh heaven. The old Christian idea of heaven was that there were seven circles mounting upwards.

V. ON LIBERTY

not founded on a contract: reference to the 'Contract Social' or Social Contract of Rousseau, published in 1762. It described the theory held by certain reformers that a contract should exist between the sovereign and the subjects, and that government should be carried on with the consent of the governed. It did a great deal to bring about the Revolution in France.

self-regarding: affecting himself alone.

optional good offices: services which lie within our choice.

George Barnwell: a fictitious character invented for the occasion.

the fashion of grossness which succeeded, in the time of Charles II, etc. With the accession of Oliver Cromwell in 1653 England saw a fastidious rule of morality and law, with the result that all amusements were banned from the realm. But with the restoration of Charles II to the throne in 1660, the merry monarch, who had spent a considerable time in France, himself set up the model of licentiousness in his court.

the enormity of acting or feeling differently from itself: the crime of the person in deviating so totally from what the average public regards as right.

the 'unclean beast': the pig, into which Jesus Christ exercised the devil.

VI. OF KINGS' TREASURIES

Of Kings' Treasures: The title is mystifying. Ruskin means by kings the kings of thought, great authors, and by treasures, not the royal exchequer, but their works, in which all their wisdom is stored.

"You shall have . . . pound": the reward offered by the goddess of philosophy to certain pseudo-philosophers in Lucian's satire of "The Fisherman", to induce them to answer certain charges. But Ruskin uses the words in a metaphorical sense. "Sesame" was the talismanic charm which was pronounced by Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves in the tale of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, to open door of their treasure-cave. Similarly he would give his audience the tip by which the treasures of wisdom of mighty minds of old could open to them.

My first duty this evening: Ruskin addressed an audience in Rusholme Town Hall, near Manchester, in connection with an appeal for funds to open a Library as an adjunct to the Rusholme Institute.

I have practically some connexion with schools: He was actually connected with the "Working Men's College", where he delivered lectures on drawing once a week.

double-belled doors: the houses of the upper classes were fitted with two bells, one for visitors of quality to ring, and another for those of an inferior order.

the last infirmity of noble minds: Cp. Milton's description of Fame in *Lycidas*, ll. 70—72:

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(The last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.

my writings on Political Economy: such as "Unto this Last", "Munera Pulveris", etc. The orthodox political economy of the day held that man invariably acted from the motive of "enlightened self-interest". But Ruskin pleaded against this, and asserted that men ought to act, and, often, did act, from higher motives, "a little honesty and generosity".

ante-rooms: room which opens entrance into another, such as is found as an annexe of audience chambers of royal palaces.

inscription, or scripture: Both words are derived from Latin *scribere* (*scriptum*) to write. But Ruskin uses 'scripture' not only literally, but also in its accepted sense of something inspired and holy.

do you at all believe in honesty, etc.: Another hit against the materialism of the false political economy of the day.

entree: (French) right of entrance.

the guardian of those Elysian gates: the porter of the gates of Elysium, in ancient mythology, the place where dwelt in perfect happiness the departed heroes and virtuous men favoured by Zeus.

portieres: (French) gates, portals.

Fauburg St. Germain: the aristocratic quarter of Paris in the seventeenth century, lying outside the gates of the city.

the physical type of wisdom: Cp. *Job*, xxviii: "The price of wisdom is above rubies"; "Wisdom cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir".

Australian miner: Gold was discovered in the alluvial deposits of Australia only a few years before Ruskin delivered this lecture. The largest ever found, the Welcome nugget, discovered in 1858 at Ballarat in Victoria, weighed 183 lb. and was worth £8376, whilst several of 50 lb. and over have been found.

the opposition of letters in the function of signs: the correspondence of the alphabets we use in writing to signs or gestures by which we make ourselves understood, in the absence of letters and words.

the British Museum: in London, which contains one of the largest libraries of the world.

peerage of words: the ancestry of words and their precise meanings.

canaille: from its derivation it means a pack of dogs; used derisively of a mob, or a crowd of low persons. Ruskin places it in antithesis with 'ancient blood'.

noblesse: (French) nobility, aristocracy.

VII. PERSONAL STYLE

Dante: (1265—1321), the great national poet of Italy, and the author of the "Divine Comedy".

"an art to find the mind's construction": Quoted from *Macbeth*, I. iv.

ideation: the faculty of forming ideas.

innervation: supplying nervous energy.

Le style c'est l'homme: The style is the man.

Victor Hugo: (1802—85). French poet and novelist, and leader of the French Romantic Movement. His most famous work is "*Les Misérables*" (1862).

Leopardi: (1798—1837), Italian poet and scholar, the author of some of the finest poetry in modern Italian literature, classic in form and imbued with melancholy and pessimism.

Sterne: Laurence (1713,—63), English novelist and humourist, the author of "*Tristram Shandy*" and "*Sentimental Journey*".

Heine: Heinrich (1797—1856), German poet, who wrote both in German and in French. He was most famous as a lyric poet, pre-eminent in wit and raillery, and the Romantic movement in Germany did not survive his irony.

Fletcher: John (1579—1625), a younger contemporary of Shakespeare, the author of "*The Faithful Shepherdess*", and collaborator with Beaumont in "*Philaster*", and with Shakespeare in "*King Henry VIII*".

Byron: Lord (1783—1824), poet, wrote also plays, the more famous among which are "*Manfred*" and "*Cain*".

Corneille: Pierre (1606—84), French dramatist, His masterpiece was "*Le Cid*".

Racine: Jean (1639—99). French dramatic poet. As a tragedian he presented his characters in a more human and natural form than did Corneille: they are governed more by their passions, less by their wills.

Emerson: Ralph Waldo (1803—82), American philosopher and poet.

Walter Scott: (1771—1832), the famous Scottish novelist and poet, whose historical fiction was the rage of his era.

Thackeray: William Makepeace (1811—63), English novelist of social manners. His most famous work is "Vanity Fair".

Cicero: (106—43 B. C.) famous Roman orator, contemporary of Julius Caesar.

Muretus: (1526—85), famous French humanist, who lectured and taught civil law in Rome from 1563 to 1584. He edited Latin authors.

Eckermann: (1792—1854), a German writer and a friend of Goethe, on whom he attended from 1805 till the end of his life. He made a faithful record of his conversations with him, which has been translated into English.

Gibbon: Edward (1737—94), English historian, author of the famous "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire". Symonds here refers to his "Memoirs" put together by Lord Sheffield from various fragments by Gibbon, and published in 1796.

Rousseau: Jean-Jacques (1712—78), French philosopher, whose "Confessions" was published after his death.

Alfieri: Vittorio (1749—1803), Italian dramatist, author of several tragedies, and a remarkable autobiography.

Goldoni: Carlo (1707—93), Italian writer of stage-comedies. He published his *Memoires* in 1787.

John Stuart Mill: (1806—73), British philosopher, whose interesting *Autobiography* appeared in 1873.

Petrarch: (1304—74), Italian poet and humanist, with a passion for the recovery of ancient literature. Besides

sonnets to Laura, which have made his name famous, he wrote in Latin. His *Letters* (in Latin) fill five volumes.

Michaelangelo: (1475—1564), Italian sculptor, architect, painter, and poet. All through his life he composed sonnets when his sculpture was not going well and he was disturbed: the best are addressed to Vittoria Colonna, the widow of the Marquis of Pescara.

Rossetti: Dante Gabriel (1828—82), founder of the Pre-Raphaelite movement in English poetry, was both poet and painter. In fact he thought that painting was his vocation, but later he abandoned it for his poetry.

William Blake: (1757—1827) English poet was also an engraver. He made, and sometimes engraved, designs in illustration of many works besides his own poems.

the Sistine Chapel: the private chapel of the pope in the Vatican at Rome. It is famous for the paintings which cover the walls and vault, notably those by Michaelangelo of "The Creation", "The Deluge" and "The Last Judgment".

Gustave Dore: (1833—83), a French book illustrator.

VIII. DAVID HUME

the amoeba: the lowest class of animal life, a unicellular organism.

the theory of numbers: a mathematical theory, familiar to students of algebra.

Rheims: famous for his cathedral of Notre Dame, and the seat of intellectual culture from the tenth century.

Descartes: Rene (1596—1650), a French mathematician, physicist, and philosopher, founder of the Cartesian school of philosophy. The starting-point of his system was the famous phrase *cogito, ergo sum*, "I think, therefore

I am", and the distinction between spirit and matter. 'Rejecting philosophical authority and tradition, he relied exclusively on reason, and adopted a quasi-mechanical conception of the universe, which he reduced to space, matter, and motion, operating under mathematical laws.'

Locke: John (1632—1704), English philosopher, whose principal work, "The Essay concerning Human Understanding" was published in 1690. John Stuart Mill described him as the 'unquestioned founder of the analytic philosophy of mind'. He was a strong advocate of religious liberty.

Bacon's Henry the Seventh: Lord Bacon (1561—1626), English essayist, scholar and scientist, published his "History of Henry the Seventh" in 1622.

Commines: Philippe De (1445—1509), French historian, who wrote remarkable chronicles of Louis XI and Charles VIII, translated into English in 1596, and which inspired Scott's *Quentin Durward*.

Clarendon: Edward Hyde (1609—74), (English historian, wrote "The True Historical Narrative of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England" in 1702—'4, and the "History of Rebellion and Civil War in Ireland", which appeared in 1721.

Bossuet: Jacques Benigne (1627—1704), famous French orator and prelate, the author of "Discours sur l'Histcire Universelle" (1679), a summary of history in which the divine intervention is traced at each stage.

Montesquieu: (1689—1755), French political philosopher and historian, wrote "Considerations sur les causes de la Grandeur des Romains et de leur Decadence" in 1734, which is a very able study of ancient Rome.

arriere pensee: French for 'mental reservation'.

oratio obliqua: indirect or reported speech.

Henry the Second: King of England from 1154 to 1189, the eldest son of Matilda and Geoffrey of Anjou; hence his familiarity with the French tongue. Eager to crush the power of the Church as he had done of the barons, he appointed Thomas a Becket, his chancellor, as the Archbishop of Canterbury. But the latter proving intractable to the demands of the king, he was murdered by royal command in 1170.

Cromwell: Oliver, Lord Protector of England from 1653 to 1658. Thomas Carlyle (1795—1881), wrote his life and edited his speeches and letters in 1845. It is regarded as one of his greatest works.

O Altitudeo!: sublime.

the Philosophes: 'a name given to a group of eighteenth century authors in France, who were sceptical in religion, materialists in philosophy, and hedonists in ethics.'

de risueur: (French) required by etiquette.

charade: a game in which several of the players dramatise the syllables of words for the others to guess. It was a favourite drawing-room amusement.

Eh bien . . . done: (French) "Well! Madame! Well! there you are, of course."

oratur . . . wake-minded: Scottish for 'orator', and 'weak-minded'.

Charge d'Affaires: a diplomatic agent, ranking next below a resident minister, in connection with the Ministers for Foreign Affairs, from the head of which department he holds his credentials. He may be empowered to take the place of an ambassador in his absence.

stoicism: It was an article of faith with the Stoics of ancient Greece that they should endure pain without flinching.

Addisonian . . death-bed :

Adam Smith : (1723-90), famous English political economist, the author of "An Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations", published in 1776. He edited the autobiography of Hume in 1777.

Charon : the name of a spirit in Greek mythology, who ferried the souls of the dead across the rivers of the lower world.

Lucian : (120-190), a famous Greek writer and satirist, who was the author of "The Dialogues of the Dead".

IX. THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Mr. Balfour : Arthur James Balfour (1848-1930), a distinguished statesman, and philosopher. In 1895 he was First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House of Commons. He was raised to the peerage in 1922.

Lord Rosebury : (1817-1929), foreign secretary to the Gladstone governments of 1886 and 1892, prime minister in 1894-5, an eloquent and witty speaker.

Lord Salisbury : (1840-1903), a statesman, leader of the Conservative party, and Prime Minister of England. A trenchant speaker in the House of Commons, and later in the Lords, he was one of the best Foreign Secretaries England ever had.

Mr. Chamberlain : Joseph Chamberlain (1836-1914). A Liberal and British statesman, who was Colonial Secretary in the Salisbury administration of 1895.

Lord Kelvin : (1824-1907), famous scientist; advanced the science of thermodynamics and electricity, and evolved the theory of electric oscillations, which forms the basis of wireless telegraphy.

Mr Leslie Stephen : (1832-1904), noted man of letters and philosopher, who contributed a series of brilliant

studies of eighteenth and nineteenth century authors to the "English men of Letters", and was also the original editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography".

Mr. Gladstone, etc.: Gladstone was for fifty-five years member of the House of Commons.

devil's advocate or *advocatus diaboli* is the name of the person appointed in the Roman Catholic Church to set forth possible objections to any person whom it is proposed to canonise. As the objections were generally not valid, and only made as a matter of form, the term 'devil's advocate' has come to be applied generally to any person who knowingly puts forward arguments with which he himself is in disagreement.

Burke: Edmund (1729-97), famous statesman and orator. *Sheridan*: Richard Brinsley (1751-1816), English dramatist. But the reference here is to the part he played in British politics. He was returned to parliament in 1780 and thereafter he devoted himself to public affairs. He is best remembered as orator by his great speech in 1787, moving the adoption of the Oudh charge against Warren Hastings, which lasted for six hours.

Sir Robert Walpole: (1676-1745) leader of the whig party, was Prime Minister and chancellor of the exchequer from 1715 to 1717, and again from 1721 to 1742. He laid the foundations of free trade and modern colonial policy.

Lord North: (1732-92), statesman and premier of England from 1770 to 1782, and again for a brief period of nine months in 1783. An able financier, he was a weak man, and responsible for much of the troubles in the earlier years of the reign of George III.

the elder Pitt: William Pitt, first earl of Chatham, a great Whig statesman and orator, was strenuously opposed from 1774 onwards the harsh measures taken against the

American colonies. His speeches were marked by lofty and impassioned eloquence.

his son: William Pitt (1759-1806), became prime minister in his twenty fifth year, and retained the position untill 1801, during the years of the French Revolution and the wars which followed. He returned to office in 1804 and remained in it till his death.

Peel: Sir Robert (1788-1850), a sound politician, a faithful servant to the state, and an upright man. He always placed his country before his party, and his duty before his prejudices. He was Prime Minister in 1834, and again from 1841 to 1845.

Lord John Russell: (1792-1878) prime minister from 1846 to 1852 and again in 1865. Literature as well as politics interested him. His greatest characteristic was self-confidence, which nothing, however untoward, could undermine.

Disraeli: Benjamin, later Earl of Beaconsfield (1804-81), statesman and man of letters, was Prime Minister in 1868, and again from 1874 to 1880. 'A combination of genius, patience, intrepidity, and strength of will, such as occurs only at intervals of centuries, could alone have enabled him to succeed, and that combination is greatness.

Charles James Fox: (1749-1806), one of the most popular men of his day, and one of the most charming of any age. Fiercely independent, he was a vigorous opponent of George III, and remained in opposition for twenty three years, though he held some minor offices off and on.

John Bright: (1811-89) was member of Parliament from 1843, a vigorous opponent of the Corn Laws and a staunch Liberal.

Richard Cobden: (1804-65), the foremost leader of the Anti-Corn-Law League, was M.P. from 1841.

Sir Samuel Romilly: (1757-1818), an English lawyer called to the bar in 1783, entered Parliament in 1806, was solicitor-general in the short lived second Grenville administration. He acquired a reputation by his speeches against the slave trade, and his investigations into the state of the criminal law. In his profession he is said to have been more successful and distinguished than any other lawyer of his day. In 1818 he was returned to Parliament for Westminster: a few months later his wife, to whom he was dearly attached, died: and in the following week, in a fit of delirium, he committed suicide at his house in Russell Square.

Reform Bills: of 1832 and 1867, which disfranchised various decayed boroughs, and extended the franchise to owners of property of £ 5 value and to occupiers rated at not less than £ 12.

press-gang: a detachment of officers and men commissioned to execute warrants for the recruitment of men to serve in the British navy. For a long time they went about their business in the manner of Sir John Falstaff, the able-bodied being let off for a consideration, and the lean and the ragged being pressed.

rotten boroughs: towns which ceased to send their representatives to Parliament after the Reform Act of 1832.

deserted village with two members: like Old Sarum (modern Salisbury), situated on the Avon and on the edge of Salisbury Plain. The city was removed in the thirteenth century to a new site and New Sarum was built: but Old Sarum sent two members to Parliament from 1295 to 1832.

Manchester with none: Manchester is one of the modern towns of England, which may be said to have

grown up with the cotton industry, of which it is the centre. It is celebrated in history as the scene of the 'Peterloo massacre', which started the Reform agitation. It does not seem to have enjoyed parliamentary representation till 1832.

the Civil List: Parliamentary allowance for the King's household and royal pensions.

the pensions and sinecures: Certain offices of the Royal Household were in the pay of the King, and he appointed his own men to them. They were merely offices without any duties attached to them: hence the emoluments could be described as 'sinecures' or 'pensions'. A king could use these offices to increase his hold on the Parliament, George III did, which provoked severe criticisms from the lips of Burke.

a Scotch Tory, etc.: The reference is to Sir Archibald Alison (1792-1867), whose *History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons* was published in 1833-42 in ten volumes. This was succeeded by *A History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon to the accession of Louis Napoleon* in 1852-9, in ten more volumes. The work is one of vast industry, and gives a useful account of an important epoch, but is extremely diffuse and one sided, and often prosy. Disraeli satirised the author in *Coningsby* as Mr. wordy, who wrote a history to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories.

Cupar, etc.: names of Scottish constituencies.

Presbyterianism and Episcopacy: forms of Christianity with two different modes of Church government. Presbyterianism or the National Church of Scotland recognises no higher order than that of the Presbyter or elder, and all elders are ecclesiastically of equal rank. Each congregation

is governed by its session of elders ; these are subordinate to provincial Presbyteries, and these again are subordinate to the General Assembly of the Church. Episcopacy, the system of church government prevalent in England, regards the bishop as the chief ecclesiastical authority within a defined district of diocese.

Sacramentarian system : a system which attaches a special sacred virtue to the sacraments of religion,

the Church party : the Church of England party.

Schools Boards ; State controlled organisations, which by the Scottish Education Act of 1872 took over the control of all schools. But the members of the school boards were elected in boroughs on the parliamentary franchise, and in parishes by all who paid the rates. The School Boards were under the control of the Education Department.

Catechism : a book of elementary instruction containing, by means of questions and answers, an exposition of religious dogma. The Scottish Presbyterians use Craig's Catechism (1592) and that of the Westminster Assembly of Divines (1648).

bawbee : Scottish for 'half-penny'.

moving for a new writ, etc. : For a bye-election, the speaker has to be moved to authorise the issue of a writ, whereas for a General Election the royal proclamation after the dissolution of parliament is the authority.

Small-Talk.....Jeremiah Jones : Fictitious names invented for the occasion by the speaker.

Lord Melbourne : (1779—1848), Prime Minister under William IV and Queen Victoria. He was given to swearing innumerable oaths.

flat-irons : utensil for smoothing and pressing cloth.

Sir William Harcourt: (1827—1904) an eminent statesman, a brilliant speaker, and the leader of the Liberals. In 1856 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was looked upon as the probable successor of Gladstone; but when he retired in 1891, and the Queen sent for Rosebery, he generously consented to serve under him.

grown weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable: Reminiscence of *Hamlet*, I. ii:

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses of this world:

the turtle: the turtle-dove.

tu quoque: you too.

second readings of Bills, etc.: The first readings of a Bill is a matter of form only, and nothing more than a bare explanatory statement is given if the Bill is likely to be opposed. The Bill is then printed and circulated. The second reading is the all important stage, when the main principles are discussed. If it passes this stage, it is referred to a standing committee unless the House otherwise orders. After all the clauses are disposed of one way or another, the Bill is reported to the House and then considered by a committee of the whole House, when it is put down for third reading if it passes without amendment. At the third reading only verbal amendments are admissible, though the Bill as a whole may be opposed. It is then sent to the House of Lords, where the procedure is similar.

X. THE ILLYRIANS

Perdita and Florizel: characters in Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale", the scenes of which are set in Sicily and Bohemia.

melancholy Duke: the Duke Orsino. The reference in the following lines is to the opening scene of the "Twelfth Night" and the opening speech of the Duke:

If music be the food love, play on ;
 Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.
 That strain again : it had a dying fall :
 O ! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
 That breathes upou a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour. Enough ! no more :
 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
 O spirit of love ! how quick and fresh art thou,
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute : so full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high fantastical.

Countess Olivia : beloved of the Duke, at the opening of the play, who has lost both her father and brother. She is in mourning for them.

lovely Viola : the heroine of the comedy, who is shipwrecked with her twin-brother Sebastian, on the shores of Illyria, and enters the service of Orsino as a page, having disguised herself already for the purpose.

she admits his value as an employee : Cp. *Twelfth Night*, III. iv. 5-6 :

"Where is Malvolio ? he is sad, and civil,
 And suits well for servant with my fortunes."

our Sir Tobies, etc. : See *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 83 seq.

Malvolio—My masters, are you mad ? or what are you ? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night ? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of

voice? is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?.....

Malvolio.—Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir Toby's famous reply: Twelfth Night, II. iii. 99-100.

careerists: persons intent mainly on their own advancement and success in life.

the Bastard: Edmund in *King Lear*.

"O, you are sick of self-love": Olivia's amonition of Malvolio when he rates her for admiring the wit of the Clown (*Twelfth Night*, I v. 87.)

the terrible shadow of that other ambitious underling, Iago: the letter forged by Maria in her mistress's hand, and which she threw across the favourite walk of Malvolio, which caused his madness of love; This letter plays the same part in this drama as the handkerchief of Desdemona in *Othello*. The one brought about misery and wretchedness to Malvolio, and the other caused the death and destruction of Desdemona and her lord. (See *Twelfth Night*, II, v.)

the very first speech: Act I, Scene iii: "What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life."

oceans of burnt-sack, etc: Cp. "I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coysutril, that will not drink to

my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top." (1. iii.)

a Falstaff: hero of the comic parts of the two parts of *King Henry the Fourth*, and of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

does not propose to deliver Sir Andrew's ridiculous challenge: Act III, Scene i.v.

supposed Cesario: the name which Viola assumed in her disguise as the page of the Duke Orsino.

the opening dialogue: Act I, Scene iii.

Sir Toby changes his mind about Cesario: Act III, Scene iv. Antonio, the captain of the vessel which had been wrecked, and who had saved Sebastian, the brother, mistakes Viola for him, and beseeches his charity, which Viola denies, though he is arrested by the Duke's officers of law. This behaviour provokes the remark of Sir Toby.

the joke against Malvolio has gone far enough: Act IV, Scene ii.

"*That's all one*", etc.: Act V, Scene i answering the question of the Duke, "How now, gentleman! how is't with you?"

displays to us the idiocies of the guileless Sir Andrew: Act I, Scene iii.

"*To hear by the nose*", etc.: Act II, Scene iii, II. 54-57.
the matter of the duel: Act III, Scene iv.

Sir Andrew, he tells Fabian, etc.: Act III, Scene ii.

Go, write it in a martial hand, etc.: Act III, Scene ii.

Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him, etc.: Act III, Scene iv. The references in the rest of the para are all to this scene.

part with us worse as the price of that escape: Cp. "Sir Andrew: Plague on't; an I thought he had

been valiant and so cunning in fence I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet." —(III. iv. 270-73.

a rod in pickle: a scolding or punishment in store. Birch-rods used to be laid in brine to keep the twigs pliable.

"*Maria writ*, etc. : V.i. 351-53.

"*She's a beagle*, etc. : II. iii. 169-70. A 'beagle' is a small variety of hound, which tracks by scent. It is here used figuratively in approval of a woman.

soubrette: waiting maid.

"*I could marry this wench*, etc. : II. v. 173-77. The quotations that follow are also from the same scene.

play my freedom at tray-trip: shall I gamble away everything.

gun-cotton: highly explosive material made by saturating cotton or cellulose in nitric and sulphuric acids.

cup too low: with his drink cut short.

This fellow's wise enough, etc. : III. i.

haggard: an untrained hawk.

taking his leave, etc. II. iv. *Clown*: Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal: I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Rabelaisian cast: in the manner of the French humorist, Francois Rabelias. (1483-1553)

"*I did impetuous thy gratillity*, etc. : II. lii.

Slender and Silence: Silence is a country justice in the *Second Part of Henry the Fourth*, who in V. iii. of the play bursts into snatches of Bacchanalism ditties after having supped with shallow and Falstaff, and vows he has been "merry twice and once ere now." Slender is the cousin of Justice Shallow, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, described by Hazlitt as a very potent piece of imbecility.

dwelling in Eden: the name of the garden inhabited by the first parents, Adam and Eve, in their state of innocence and simple delight.

"*put down*": I. iii. 'worsted, overcome.' Sir Toby refers to his discomfiture at the hands of Maria.

the phoenix of his vanity: The phoenix is the name of a fabulous bird, which, according to Pliny, built for itself a nest in which to die, and from its death a new bird sprung up. The old belief was that there never was more than one phoenix at a time. The bird was described as resembling an eagle in size and shape, but having red and gold plumage.

Sir Toby's artful prompting etc.: See Act I, Scene iii.

Sir Andrew: I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow of the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometime altogether.

Sir Toby: Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir Andrew: As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir Toby: What is thy excellence in a galliard knight?

Sir Andrew: Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir Toby: And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir Andrew: And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as man Illyria.

Sir Toby declares that "not to be a-bed, etc.": See Act II, Scene iii.

Whisper in the shrubbery: See Act II, Scene v.

the duel-episode: See Act III, Scene ii. The reference is to the speech of Fabian: "She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy." To which Sir Andrew replies: "An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as life be a Brownist as a politician."

his complacent view, etc.: See Act III, Scene iv. Sir Andrew enters with the letter that he has written saying: "Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't."

fencer to the Sophy; the Shah of Persia.

Dater, when he has struck Sebastian: See Act IV, Scene i.

Our last glimpse: in Act V, Scene i.

Justice Shallow: a country justice in the *Second Part of Henry the Fourth*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, who boasts of his youthful exploits and laments the death of old acquaintances, and becomes the butt of Sir John Falstaff.

XI. TAGORE, GANDHI, AND NATIONALISM

"Our sweetest song thought": From Shelley's "Ode to Skylark."

the Noble prize for Literature: Nobel prizes are awarded to the outstanding names in Physics, Chemistry, Literature and Peace, every year. In Literature the prize-awarding body is the Swedish Academy of Literature. The prizes are awarded from the income of capital sum left on trust by the famous Swedish scientist, Alfred Noble (1833-96) Rabindranath Tagore was awarded the prize for literature in 1913.

Romain Rolland: (1866-1945); noted French author, and the friend of the nationalists of India, who tried to bring about an understanding of East to the West.

The League of Nations: founded in 1920 for the establishment of peace in the world, which proved ineffective however to prevent the recent war.

the youngest of Nations: for the American colonies were founded only in the sixteenth century.

Woodrow Wilson: (1856-1924), the twenty-eighth President of the United States.

per se: in itself, intrinsically.

flung his knighthood: in 1919, in protest against the human treatment meted out to people who had assembled in the Jullianwallah Bagh in the Punjab, when General Dyer had ordered his troops to open fire on them. The knighthood was conferred on him in 1915.

Das, Nehru, Ansari: Our great patriots, C. R. Das (1870-1925), Pandit Motilal Nehru, and Dr. Ansari.

the many-headed hydra: a celebrated monster of Greek mythology, with a number of heads. Hercules had to destroy the monster as one of his twelve labours.

Artistic and philosophic Greece: i.e., Greece of the age of Pericles, her great statesman, of the fourth century B.C.

Visva-Bharathi: Rabindranath Tagore's international university at Santiniketham. Its name means "University" in its true sense—a place of Universal knowledge, or world culture.

XII. DEMOCRACY THROUGH INDIAN EYES

the Irish Home Rule Bills of Gladstone: These Bills were introduced by Gladstone in 1886 and 1893, and, on both occasions, they were thrown out.

T.H. Huxley: (1825-95), famous English scientist.

Cavour: (1810-61), Italian statesman, who played a great part in the unification of Italy, in the middle of the last century.

hosannas: shouts of triumphal and adoration, such as were by the multitude at the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem.

the hosts of heaven hell: referring to Satan's revolt in Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

